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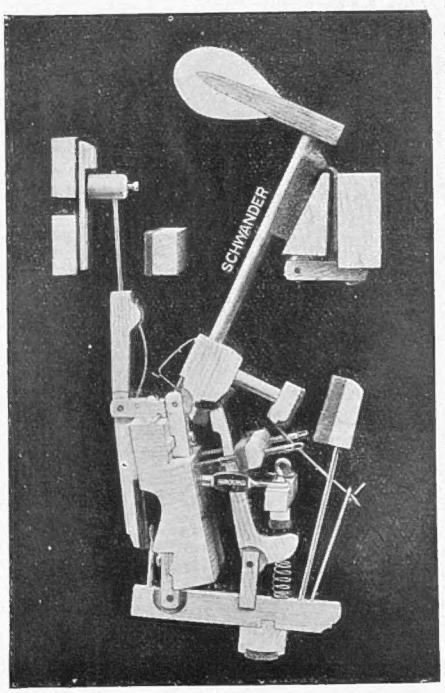

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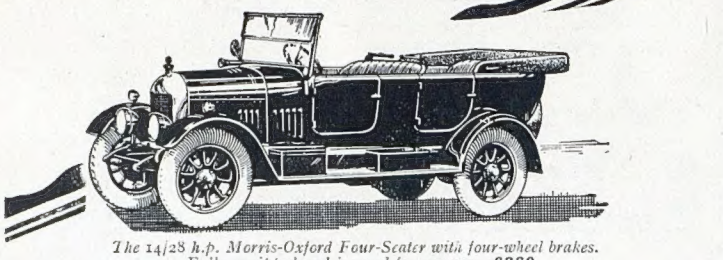

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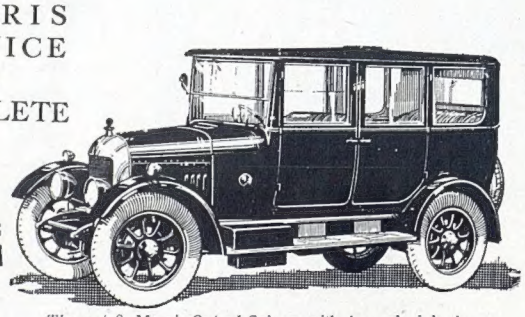

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The Bystander, January 20, 1926

The BYSTANDER

No. 1155. Vol. LXXXIX

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SKI

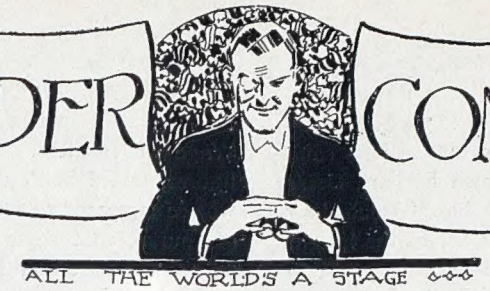
The Return of the Native

BY DAVID WILSON

SIR ALFRED MOND: "... but not in those boots!"

[At Carmarthen, Sir Alfred Mond recently criticised the proposals put forward by Mr. Lloyd George's Land Committee]

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

THE MARRIAGE OF AN AMERICAN LADY AND AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN IS NOT USUALLY CONSIDERED AN AFFAIR OF FIRST IMPORTANCE

A Topical Topic

THE marriage of an American lady and an American gentleman is not usually considered an affair of first importance. At best, it is little more than a nine-days' wonder. That period has been exceeded in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin, who have been married quite a long time, now, but I am still disposed to consider their runaway wedding a topical topic, and here is my reason :—

WE HUGGED OUR PARTNERS MORE CLOSELY TO OUR YEARNING HEARTS —

POOR MR BERLIN'S DESPAIR —

An Odd Fact

ABOUT a year ago I called your attention, in these columns, to a curious phenomenon. I remarked on the odd fact that we were growing sentimental; that the waltz rhythm was returning, and that we no longer hopped and skipped to the syncopated lilt of "Chili-bom-bom," when there was an opportunity to drift together to the sugary strains of "What'll I Do?". I was unable to explain this reaction—I merely noted it as a sign of the times, and left it at that.

Our Yearning Hearts

THE weeks passed, and "What'll I Do?" was succeeded by the even more melodious and mellifluous metre of "All Alone." We hugged our partners more closely to our yearning hearts, and gyrated in a perfect mush of emotion. "Chili-bom-bom" was consigned to the limbo of forgotten fox-trots, but "What'll I Do?" persisted, and "All Alone" swept Europe like a tornado. The whole fashion of our lives was changed. Airy persiflage and cheap cynicism fell away from us, and we married our dancing partners in thousands. The parsons worked overtime; jewellers built rows of houses; and the altar rails were so hot that you couldn't touch them without burning your fingers.

THERE WERE MANY PEOPLE WHO WERE FORCED INTO THE UPPER CIRCLE —

No Longer "All Alone"

THE looker-on saw the most and understood the least of the game. All sorts of morals were drawn—every sort, in fact, except the right one, which was that Mr. Irving Berlin was suffering from a sore heart because Mr. Clarence Mackay had taken his daughter to Europe in the vain hope that her love for the famous composer would grow cold. And from the depths of poor Mr. Berlin's despair there rose those sweet, sad songs that set all Europe a-yearning. Mr. Irving Berlin being now happily married, we may assume that his Muse will assume a gayer and more irresponsible note now that he is no longer "All Alone."

'THE ODD FACT THAT WE WERE GROWING SENTIMENTAL

'THE PARSONS WORKED OVERTIME —'

THE TROUBADOUR SPIRIT —

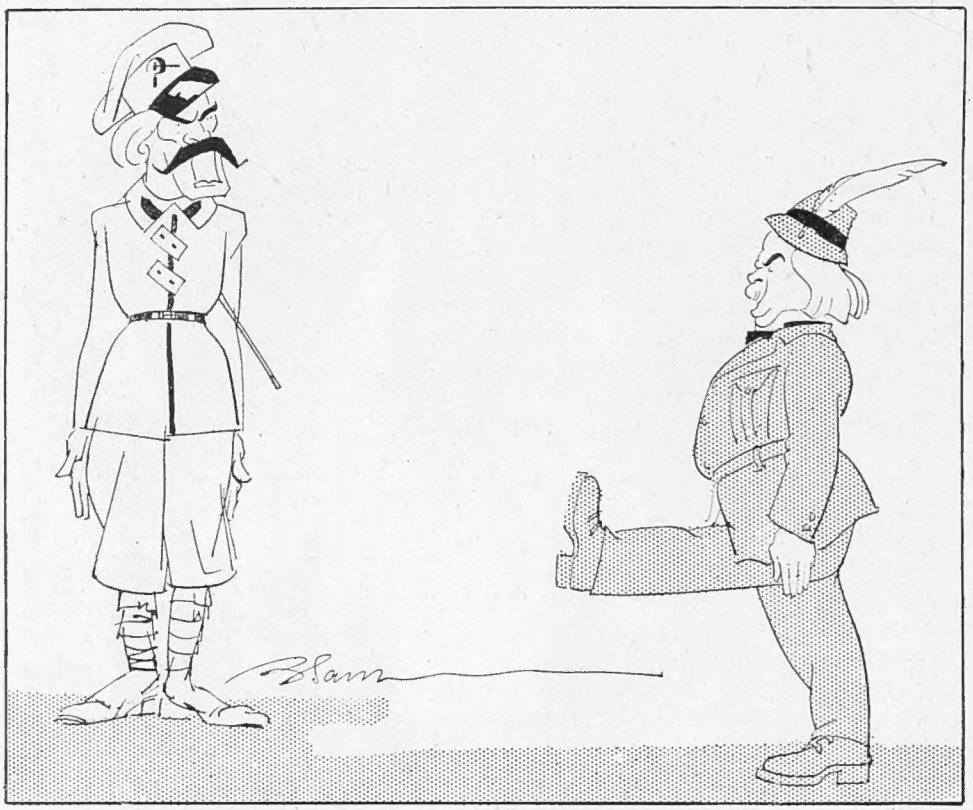
Made and Printed in Great Britain

The Troubadour Spirit

Who will say, after this, that the troubadour spirit is dead? Surely, Mr. Irving Berlin is the modern prototype of Arnaud de Mareuil, the poet of Perigard; of Bertran de Born; or even of that Blondel, who, as it is said, sang beneath the prison window of our own Richard Cœur de Lion. I have always felt that the mediæval troubadour had as much to do with the shaping of history as the knight who destroyed fabulous dragons, and I take off my hat to Mr. Irving Berlin, who sang his love round the world and brought her safely home again.

Swings and Roundabouts

Now that the patient theatrical queue is on its last legs, the pessimists are adducing all sorts of reasons why its passing is to be deplored. From the public point of view, there is nothing to be said against this passing, but



By Blam

"LEFT!—LEFT!—LEFT!—LEFT!—LEFT!—LEFT!"

Will this "one step" be enough for him?

I am inclined to agree with the manager who argues that a general falling off in receipts will be the inevitable result. There were many people who were forced into the upper circle because they wouldn't wait in the pit queue, and there were many more who were forced into the dress circle because the upper circle was full. It is argued that we shall now book cheaper seats, and that what will be gained on the swings will be lost on the roundabouts.

The Price of the Pit

I know several playgoers who take their places in the pit queues during the summer, but book for the upper circle in the winter. These people, it is safe to assume, will become all-the-year-round pittites. It is equally safe to assume that ordinary upper circle patrons will not be slow to discover that the pit is a real point of vantage from which to follow the fortunes of a play. My own opinion is that the price of the pit will be increased, and that an equivalent reduction will be made in the price of the upper circle.

The Wage of Idleness

Someone has taken the trouble to count the number of Croydon girls in receipt of the dole who were wearing Russian boots when they attended to draw their weekly Wage of Idleness. I am not concerned with the actual figures, and I don't understand what particular significance we are supposed to attach to the great discovery. It proves, of course, that these young ladies have bought new boots within the past month or so, but if we are asked to blame them for buying Russian boots, in particular, I'm afraid I can't join in the hue and cry. I would rather see a girl looking for work in Russian boots than in silk stockings.

Paupers and Papers

I am not at all surprised to read that Chelsea paupers refuse to read papers that are a day old. After all, the world moves very quickly nowadays, and you sometimes find that something which thrills readers on Thursday hasn't happened at all when Friday comes. The knowledge that a story is "entirely without foundation" is rather apt to take the sting out of the tale. Now, if the kindly Guardians decided to dispense with newspapers altogether, there would be something to be said for the innovation, and protesting paupers would get no sympathy from me.

The Sargent Exhibition

Strange how one thing brings another to mind. I was looking at those glorious Sargents—six hundred of them—now on exhibition at Burlington House. I stood before the wonderful "Portrait of a Lady" and, as I thought of the man who painted her, I thought, also, of his friend, Edwin A. Abbey, with whom he had so much in common. This recollection took me back twenty-five years, to the days when Abbey lived at Morgan Hall, Fairford, and delighted to entertain Sargent and his other artist friends during the early summer months.

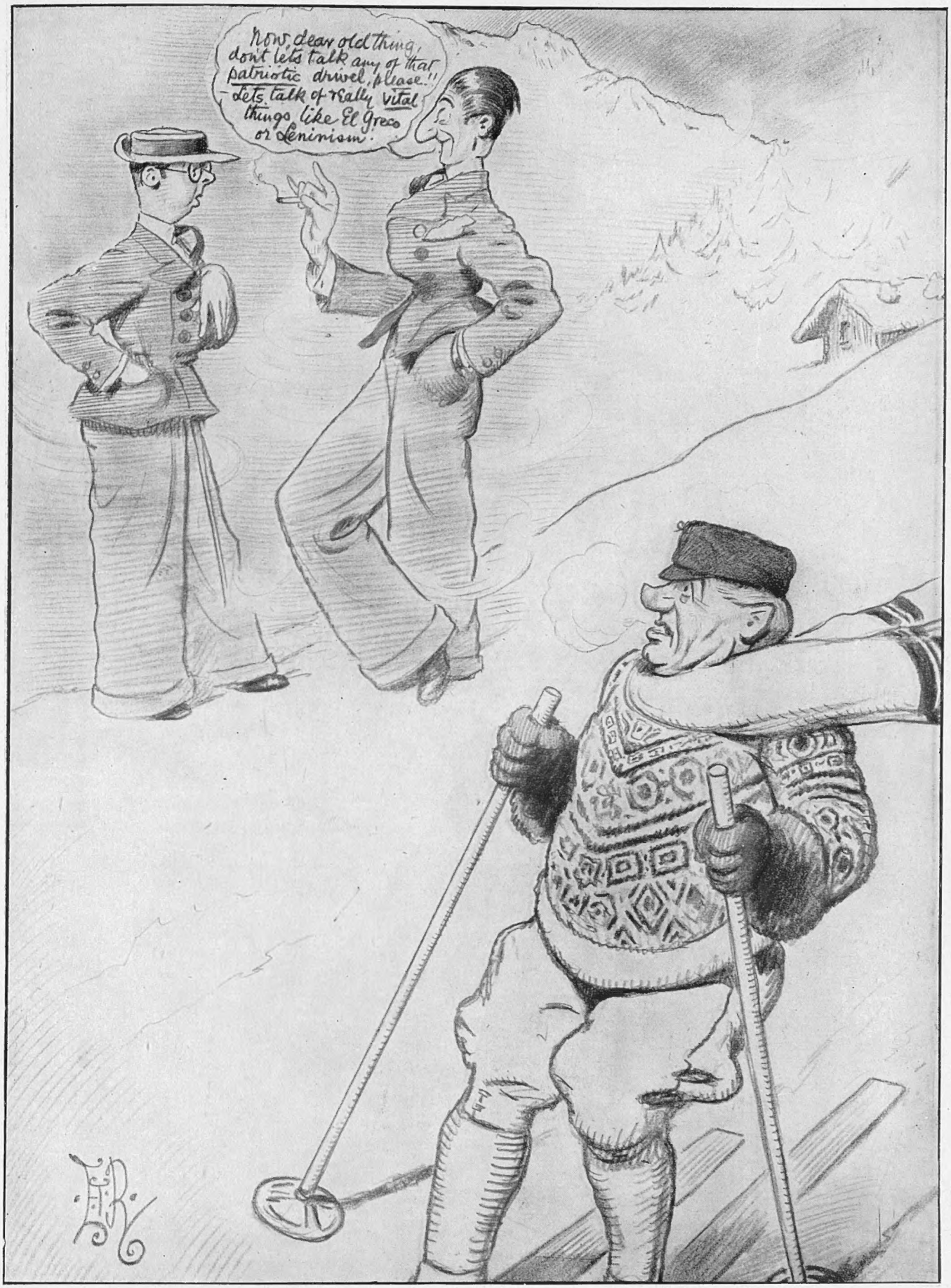
Artists at Cricket

Cricket was the great diversion at Morgan Hall. The Artists' C.C., thanks to the batting prowess of Arnesby Brown, could always be relied upon to knock up a tidy score, and they made a good showing against teams from Oxford and elsewhere. Abbey always went in last; rarely scored a run, and was usually "not out" at the close of the innings. But my recollections of twenty-five years ago do not rest here.

The Allahakbarries

The Artists' C.C., when not engaged at Morgan Hall, would play their brother Bohemians of allied professions. I recall a match against E. W. Hornung's XI at Esher when, as usual, Arnesby Brown made 64 and Abbey, as usual, made 0 (not out). For the opposition, five authors, still with us and still writing, failed to reach double figures: they were A. Conan Doyle, J. C. Snaith, A. E. W. Mason, Frankfort Moore and J. M. Barrie. On another occasion the artists met, and were defeated by Sir James Barrie's XI, known as the Allahakbarries, for whom the creator of Sherlock Holmes scored 91 and took eight wickets.

A Grisly Sight



BY E. T. REED

BALDWIN: "'Spectres of the Brocken' what have we here? A warning to me, I expect, to back the *other sort*—the 'Cadet Corps'—for all I'm worth, instead of letting 'em down!"

From Our Portrait Gallery

Yevonde

LADY LETTICE LYGON

Who is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess Beauchamp. Her father, who is the Lord-Lieutenant of Gloucestershire, was once Warden of the Cinque Ports

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

L.N.A.

ROYALTY AT THE MEET

A photograph of the Duke of York at a recent meet of the Belvoir at Eaton Grange. Unfortunately, the day's sport had to be abandoned owing to the frozen condition of the ground

Winter Sports

I HAVE heard from Switzerland that never have the hotels in all those places where they ski, luge, and skate been more crowded than this winter. In some places departing and arriving guests have overlapped so badly that bathrooms have had to be utilised as temporary bedrooms. At St. Moritz, Pontresina, and Mürren it has been a record season, especially in the numbers of English.

The Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Clydesdale, her boxing son, and her daughter, Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton, are at Pontresina. The Duchess gave away the prizes won at a fancy dress ball at the Palace Hotel, where she is staying. Lord and Lady Farnham and their daughter, the Hon. Varena Maxwell, and Lord Cromwell's sister, the Hon. Albreda Bewicke-Copley, are amongst the many English visitors at St. Moritz.

The hotels in the Montreux region—Gstaad, Villars, Château d'Oex, Diablerets, St. Cergne, Zweisimmen, Saanenmösar, and other places—are also full. And here again the visitors are chiefly English, many of them being Army officers.

There will be a considerable exodus this week from what are usually regarded as the "family" places because of the ending of the children's holidays, but this does not affect the larger places, where ice gymkhanas by day and dances by night are added to all the other sports and gaieties.

Poole

BEFORE THE RUN

A photograph taken of some of the followers at a recent meet of the West Waterford hounds. The names are: Miss Ursula Godfrey (left), Miss O. P. Maxwell and Miss M. Godfrey

Somebody was saying the other day that every kind of sport we have can be traced back—in some form or another—to the Romans and Greeks. Myself I don't agree, but life is too short to argue. However, one thing is certain: the Romans knew nothing about winter sports in Switzerland or anywhere else.

And it is odd, when you come to think of it, that all this vast business of the housing, feeding, and transport of thousands of English people every winter in Switzerland actually started through invalids sent to that country for bracing mountain air taking to the Swiss peasants' winter methods of transit—skiing and lugeing—as a pastime. Now winter sports have become one of the world's industries, and certainly one of the world's keenest pleasures

Family Alliances

THERE are two people in the unfortunate Roumanian business who are entitled to a deep sympathy—Prince Carol's mother, the Queen of Roumania, and his wife, Princess Helena of Greece.

To a woman of Queen Marie's temperament it must be galling and trying beyond measure to see her plans, carefully devised to bring support to all the

Topical

"ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM"

A photograph of Miss Rosemary Laycock, daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Joseph and Lady Laycock. After a strenuous run of 35 miles with the Belvoir, she was the only one out of a field of 300 to finish the course

Angus Faith

MRS. CHARLES CAVENDISH FITZROY

Whose marriage to Mr. Charles Cavendish Fitzroy took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, last Saturday, January 16. Mrs. Fitzroy represented Belgium in High Diving at the Olympic Games in 1924

Bassano

LADY URSULA BLACKWOOD

The second daughter of the late Marquess of Dufferin and Alva. Her engagement was recently announced to Mr. Arthur Swithen Newton Horne. Her fiancé was formerly in the Federated Malay States Government Service

Hay Wrightson

THE HON. MRS. ROBERT SOUTHWELL

Who before her wedding to Lieut. the Hon. Robert Arthur William Southwell, R.N., eldest son of Lord Southwell, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, on Tuesday, January 19, was Miss Mollie Walshe. She is the only daughter of Paymaster-Commander F. W Walshe, M.V.O., R.N., and Mrs. Walshe

Sport and General

A FEBRUARY BRIDE

Miss Heather Carmichael Bell, daughter of Colonel R. C. Bell, who is to marry the Master of Belhaven, son of Lord and Lady Belhaven and Stenton. The wedding will take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on February 4

Balkan States by family alliances, swept on one side. By the marriages of her two elder daughters to the Kings of Serbia and Greece, and the marriage of Prince Carol to the Greek King's sister, Queen Marie's plan for family alliances between Roumania, Greece, and Serbia came into effect. Only Bulgaria was left out of family pact, but rumour has been persistent in according that lonely young Sovereign, King Boris, a Roumanian Princess when she should be of marriage age.

First, revolution swept her daughter from the throne of Greece, and now her son has renounced all that she had built up for him, and with what ceaseless effort, with what anxious watching of national and international events, only Queen Marie herself and those in her immediate *entourage* can know!

To Princess Helena is due the sympathy owing to any woman, no matter what her rank or degree, whose matrimonial affairs, through none of her own doing, receive so much and such painful publicity.

Another Renunciation

ALTHOUGH Roumania has only been a kingdom for forty-four years, this is the second time its throne has been renounced by the Heir-Apparent. When, after centuries of Turkish misrule, Roumania was given its nationality, the people elected Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the second branch of the Hohenzollern family, as their Prince. That was so long ago as 1866. Fifteen years later Prince Charles became the first King of Roumania, and as he and his wife, the picturesque and literary "Carmen Sylva," otherwise Elizabeth, born a Princess of Wied, had no children, the heir to the throne was the eldest son of his brother, the Prince of Hohenzollern. But this nephew—the present Prince of Hohenzollern and the father of Queen Augusta Victoria of Portugal—preferred the certainties of Sigmaringen and the great position of the second line of the Hohenzollerns in Germany to the doubtful issues of a Balkan throne. So he renounced his heritage to his uncle in favour of his next brother, Ferdinand, the present King of Roumania.

And history repeats itself. There was a time when Europe was thrilled by gossip of a love-story between the present King of Roumania, then the Crown Prince, and Mlle. Vacaresco, one of Carmen Sylva's ladies. There was an astonishing amount of chatter. Nobody knew quite what happened, but the lady left Roumania, and for a time was a sort of lion at Parisian parties, where she used to recite distinctly graceful poems written by herself. For the most part their theme was blighted or thwarted affection.

Of course, the lady may not have meant it, but everybody used to think her poems about blighted hopes had reference to her own feelings when a cold water douche came down from a

G.P.U.

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Mr. John Molesworth-St. Aubyn, the eldest son of Sir Hugh and Lady Molesworth-St. Aubyn, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, with his bride, Miss Cecilia Marjorie Vivian. Mrs. Molesworth-St. Aubyn is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Valentine Vivian, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Aline Vivian

very indignant Royal uncle and aunt upon what were generally believed to be her aspirations to a Royal crown.

It is no wonder, is it, that so many novelists and comic opera librettists take the Balkans for the *mise-en-scène* of their stories? Anything can happen there.

Lowther Castle

THE visit which Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles are making this week to Lord and Lady Lonsdale at Lowther Castle was originally arranged for November, but it had to be postponed owing to the death of Queen Alexandra

Lord Lonsdale has given Whitehaven Castle as a hospital to the district—it was used as a hospital during the War—and Princess Mary will open it for this purpose during her visit.

Lowther Castle is one of the most princely abodes in England. When the ex-Kaiser stayed there a few years before the War Lord Lonsdale spent a vast sum of money on redecorating the suite of rooms the then monarch occupied, and in putting all the Lonsdale servants into new State liveries. Never was the ex-Kaiser entertained anywhere in more princely fashion, yet when he invited Lord Lonsdale to attend the manœuvres of the German Army in the following year he sent his generous and most hospitable English host to a most indifferent inn in a grubby village.

When the King and Queen had to motor from Balmoral to London during the big railway strike some years ago, they broke their journey at Lowther Castle and used the apartments so lavishly decorated for the ex-Kaiser. Princess Mary will have the same rooms.

Aitken

AFTER THE CEREMONY

A photograph of the Hon. Maurice Lubbock leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after his marriage to the Hon. Mary Adelaide Stanley, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley. The bridegroom is the youngest son of the late Lord Avebury and of Lady Avebury

News Illus.

A SUSSEX HUNT BALL

Some of the revellers photographed at the Romney Marsh Hunt Ball, which was held recently at the Queen's Hotel, Hastings. The group includes: Mr. G. W. Browne, Miss E. Hutchinson, Mrs. Belt, Mr. C E. D. Cooper, Mrs. Stuart Gay, Mrs. Crookenden Mrs. Mattingley, Mr. R. Stent, Mr. J. T. Neve, Miss S. Stent Mr. C. Thompson, Mr. R. W. Stent and Mr. Stuart Gay

Apartments at Kensington Palace

LADY BERTHA DAWKINS, one of the Queen's Women of the Bedchamber, has just been granted a suite of rooms in Kensington Palace. For many years Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll and the Dowager Countess Granville were the only occupants of apartments in the old Palace. After Queen Victoria's death an apartment was assigned to Princess Beatrice by King Edward. Then during the War when the late Duchess of Albany gave up Claremont at Esher, the King gave her a suite of rooms at Kensington; and a little later on, after the death of the Marquis of Milford Haven, whom we all knew best as Prince Louis of Battenberg, a suite was given to his widow, the King's cousin, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven.

After the Duchess of Albany's death her daughter and son-in-law, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, gave up their apartment at Windsor Castle and were granted the late Duchess's rooms at Kensington. They will return there when Lord Athlone's Governor - Generalship in South Africa comes to a close.

Princess Beatrice's apartment in Kensington Palace faces the Broad Walk. There is nothing except trees and greensward—with the Round Pond in the foreground—between her drawing-room windows and the houses in Park Lane—a wonderful vista for London, the whole stretch of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park. Princess Louise's apartment is at the side of the Palace, the windows looking across the wide expanse of grass lying between the Kensington High Street and the old red brick building where

News Illus.

AN EVENING MEET

A photograph taken at the Blackmore Vale Hunt Ball which was held recently at Sherborne. The names are, seated: Miss Dangibau (left), Miss De Wend Fenton and Mrs. De Wend Fenton. Standing: Capt. De Wend Fenton, Major Montefiore and Major Bailward

William III, Queen Anne and the first two Georges held their Court.

But how prodigiously stuffy the monarchs of that period were when they were at their ease—*chez eux*, so to speak! Queen Anne's sitting-room at Kensington is little more than a cubby-hole, although it is richly panelled from floor to ceiling. Its one window looks out on nothing, and even on a bright summer's day it is dark. Yet we know by the memoirs of the time how many hours of her life were spent here drinking endless cups of chocolate.

Sport and General

AN OUTDOOR EIGHTSOME

A photograph of Air Vice-Marshal Sir G. Salmond's party taken before setting out on a ski-run. The group includes: Miss Cocaine, Mrs. Atthill, Mrs. Dawnay, Lady Salmond, Air Vice-Marshal Sir G. Salmond, Miss Wallace, Col. Dawnay and the mountain guide

Central Press

IN THE SUNSHINE

Mr. Frank Gilligan, of cricketing fame, with his wife photographed at Wengen, where they are enjoying the Winter Sports

IN THE TRAIN

"I'M for St. Moritz; there's the Cresta, of course, and the Race Meeting, and——"

"They say more and more English people are going to Pontresina. It's so very——"

"Do you remember at Grindelwald in 1921 when Father——"

"No, that was at Mürren last year; the ski-ing fields——"

"My dear chap, at Wengen——"

"There's been a lot of talk about Chateau d'Oex——"

"Yes, that's near Gstaad. They're both very——"

"But, I say, were you at Chamonix during the games, when that chap jumped forty-seven metres on skis, and——"

"Yes, topping spot, Chamonix."

"This new place at Mont Revard; now tell me——"

"Oh, excellent, and Mégève . . ."

[*Ad infinitum.*]

Central Press

FRIENDLY RIVALS

Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh with M. Walter Amstutz, the respective captains of the English and Swiss Universities ski-ing teams, photographed after the race. England won, thus avenging last year's defeat

Central Press

FROM SEE TO SKI

Bishop Whitehead, formerly Bishop of Madras, takes a lesson in "Stemming" at Wengen. Mrs. Vivian Caulfield, who is also seen in this picture, finds him an apt pupil

From Father to Son

FOR some time past Lord Hollenden has been living near Berwick because of his health. As the doctors give little hope of his being able to live in the south again, he has handed over Hall Place, at Leigh, near Tonbridge, and the estate to Mr. Geoffrey Hope-Morley, his elder son, and heir to the Hollenden peerage, which was conferred thirteen years ago.

Leigh (which is pronounced Lye) was one of the earliest "model" villages, most of it having been built by Lord Hollenden's father, the great Samuel Morley, at a time when the architect Devey was having so much influence on the architecture of Kentish houses and villages. At one time Leigh possessed one of the largest Nonconformist chapels to be found in any village, and of a picturesqueness, too, which one does not usually find in those places of worship. Samuel Morley was in the forefront of Nonconformity, but under his successor the chapel has been

turned into a comfortable and excellent village club.

Hall Place, a modern red-brick house, is large and has fine gardens. Its new *châtelaine*, the Hon. Mrs. Hope-Morley, was a daughter of the late Lord Burghclere, whose peerage is now extinct.

Miss Clarke-Jervoise's Recitals

Miss Marjorie Clarke-Jervoise, who some little time ago passed from the amateur stage, where she had become its chief and leading lady, to the professional stage, is giving two evening recitals at the Aeolian Hall, one on Tuesday, January 26, and the other on Wednesday, February 24. She will give recitations and monologues in French and English and some poems with new musical settings.

Miss Clarke-Jervoise, who is the daughter of the late Sir Arthur Clarke-Jervoise, has a beautiful voice, and talents which, in the opinion of many, have been too long wasted on the amateur stage.

Central Press

WHEN THREE'S COMPANY

Miss Pamela Arthur (left), Miss Eileen Karri-Davies and Miss Sheila Karri-Davies "advancing in line" upon the photographer. The photograph was taken on the rink at Mürren

ACCOUTRED PROPER *L.N.A.*

Mr. Charles Max-Muller (left), the Hon. Cecilia Keppel and Mr. John Max-Muller out for a ski-ing expedition at Sels-Maria. The businesslike apparel suggests that they treat Winter Sports with becoming seriousness

ON THE BOAT

"Oh, dear, and that nice-looking sailor who took our tickets promised us a calm trip."

"I always said building a Channel Tunnel would cure unemployment."

"Are you going across?" ("Yes, are you?") "How nice."

"Have you booked wagon-lits from Paris?"

"Of course, when they get wagon-lits on aeroplanes. . . ."

"I like Calais; it stands perfectly still. . . . Towns ought to, oughtn't they?"

"You'll see my baggage through the Customs, won't you? Or perhaps I'd better do it. If I smile sweetly enough. . . ."

Topica.

THE SPIRIT OF CARNIVAL

Miss Daphne Watson, the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Watson, caught in high spirits—and fancy dress. The photograph was taken at a masquerade party held at Suvretta House at St Moritz

"WE ARE SEVEN" *L.N.A.*

A group of youthful enthusiasts who believe in picking up ice-rink wrinkles early. The group shows: Lord Petre (left), the Hon. Walter Keppel, Miss Jean Follett, the Hon. Elizabeth Petre, Miss Jeanne Barry, Master Bruce Carlisle and Miss Diana Renshaw

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"GOLF FROM TWO SIDES."

(By Roger and Joyce Wethered.)

This game of golf,
Which rhymes with cough
And not with rough,
Is easy stuff.

You put your ball
Upon a thing
They call a tee.
You take a swing,
And hit as far
As you can see.

You walk a hundred yards or so ;
You give the ball a second blow,
And, shortly after, it is seen
Upon a thing they call a green.

The hole is near,
The way is clear ;
You sink the ball

And that is all
And what I cannot quite make out
Is what they write these books about.

I've played this game of golf.
I've stood upon the tee
With thousands there to see,
And did I worry ?
I set my teeth
And knocked half Walton Heath
Into Mid-Surrey.

Another day
I wandered Weybridge way.
St. George's Hill
Is standing, still ;
But slightly shaken
Unless I'm much mistaken.

I haven't read
This book by Joyce and Roger Wethered;
I do not need it.
I know the game,
But, all the same,
You'd better read it !

JEROME K. JEROME.

(Who says that making money is a mug's game.)

I fancy a popular vote
Would disclose that "Three Men in a Boat"
Was almost as funny
And made as much money
As anything Tchekovitch wrote.

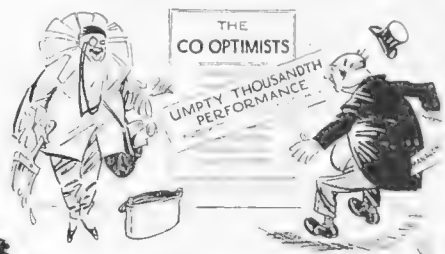
And yet, from the papers, I note
That the author, still gaily afloat,
Now deprecates money—
There's nothing so funny
As that in "Three Men in a Boat."

"THE CO-OPTIMISTS."

The Manager sat in his office,
The Actor he sat in a chair ;
They gazed for a moment in silence
Then the Manager cried in despair.
"You say you are going to leave me,
To leave me alone on the shelf ;
Oh, how can you bear so to grieve me ?
Oh, how can I manage myself ?"

The Actor he sniffed very scornfully,
And proudly replied with a groan :
"We've worked for you ever so long, sir;
We now want to start on our own.
We've worked for you ever so long, sir :
We've worked for a miserable wage.
You've still got your fortune to live on,
So do not fly into a rage."

The Manager said : "Very well, then,
But always remember this thing :
Not one of you knows how to manage,
And very few of you can sing.



I know you will quarrel together,
And, when all your money is spent,
You'll have to go into the workhouse,
And then you'll be sorry you went."

The Actor he said : "We shall see, sir!"
And proudly walked out of the door.
The Manager sneered, as he lighted
The cigar he was smoking before.
Next day the Co-Optimists started
And soon they had captured the Town
The Manager sulked all the evening,
And cried when the curtain came down.

But Gilbert he rides in his carriage and pair ;
He's taken his share—what does he care.
They've Wolseleys and Austins to take them about,
And Doris will soon have a Bentley, no doubt.
The ladies are balmy on Gideon,
And Burnaby skippers the crew ;
But the Manager sits in the depths of despair
When Gilbert drives by in his carriage and pair.

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THOREURN

E. Navello

"RESTING"

Miss Betty Balfour, the famous film star, at Monte Carlo. She finds the Azure Coast a restful change to the Silver Screen

PRIVATE entertaining and public gala dinners follow one another in such profusion on the French Riviera, especially at this time of year, that it seems a miracle how any average digestion can survive the strain. Perhaps the appropriate motto would be "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we diet"! Our winter colony is now so large and important that it seems to have attracted half the skilled *chefs* of the Continent, and hotels and restaurants vie with each other in creating new and tempting menus for the delight and ultimate destruction of their guests. Fortunately we have a dry and bracing atmosphere and every possible facility for out-door sports, and this, together with an occasional bottle of Vichy, gives everyone a fair chance.

NO sooner were the festivities of Christmas and the New Year over than Twelfth Night provided a further excuse for dinner parties, which were never so numerous before, and from one end of the coast to the other there were "scenes of revelry by night." The Nice races followed, and in ideal weather large crowds turned up at each of the first few days of sport. The town is really well filled with distinguished visitors, and among others who have been noted on the Promenade des Anglais lately were Major Sir Richard W. Barnett, M.P., Sir Gerald and Lady Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. G. Holt Thomas, —the former, by the way, after his long association with Hendon, could not have been much impressed with the Nice aerodrome which adjoins the racecourse—the Hon. Mrs. C. A. Molyneux, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Sassoon, from Calcutta, Comte Alain de Vergennes, Comtesse C. d'Hautpoul, and Mlle. Nina Nobel, a granddaughter of the founder of the Peace prizes, who will shortly be joined by her mother. And the Negresco is as usual the headquarters of many noted film stars and producers, and

E. Navello

ON THE TERRACE

Mlle. Napierkowska, the famous Russian dancer, sampling the Riviera sunshine on the Terrace at Monte Carlo

Rudolf Valentino, Matheson Lang, Miss Ruby Miller, Rex Ingram and his wife, and many others are engaged in demonstrating that our atmosphere is as clear and our scenery far more varied, than that of the environs of Hollywood.

IN sundry large buildings hidden away in odd corners of the town, experienced craftsmen are hard at work putting the final touches on the large

Sport and General

MOUNTED FOR ACTION

Major Magor (left) and Colonel Miller photographed on the ground at Mandelieu. Polo is once more in full swing on the Riviera

Miss C. N. Daly

AT THE NET

The Countess of Mar and Kellie, who is wintering on the Riviera, photographed on the hard courts at Cannes

and fantastic chariots and figures which will be features of the forthcoming Carnival processions. They begin on February 4th with the entry of King Carnival and his Royal Consort, who are this year to appear in Roman disguise. The official carnival song—and we have a fresh one annually—is already being sung and whistled all over the district, which shows that it is the right sort of melody for the occasion.

CANNES is really flourishing, and the Promenade de la Croisette is thronged every day with well-known people, who feed the sea-gulls, watch the bathers, bask in the sun in the new arm-chairs which are now so plentiful, or take a turn at miniature golf on the lawns of the Galerie Fleurie. A band plays in the mornings, and the long line of waiting motor cars, mostly British, sometimes stretches for the better part of a mile along the front.

THERE are many interesting items on the programme of the theatre at Monte Carlo, and the recent productions of Bernard Shaw's *Sainte Jeanne*, Zangwill's *Le Roi des Schnorrers*, and the new creation of *L'Ame en Peine*, by Jean Jacques Bernard, were artistic and social successes. The Symphonic Concerts are equally popular, and nowhere on the Riviera is the visitor provided with a better selection of music, opera and dancing. The Russian Ballet will shortly make its welcome re-appearance under the able direction of M. Serge Diaghileff, and the many restaurants and night-clubs are doing their best to entertain those who have no taste for classical music, so that everyone is catered for.

LADY LUDLOW has arrived at the Villa Beatrice. Lady Rothband is at the Hotel de Paris, where Sir Henry will join her shortly, and others at this hotel include Lady Robertson, the Hon.

Sport and General

WAITING FOR TEE

A photograph taken at the Cannes Golf Club. The group includes: Mr. F. G. Hibbert (left), Mrs. Clough, Maj.-Gen. P. O. Hazleton, Col Wilder and Mrs. Hibbert, who are waiting to play off from the first tee

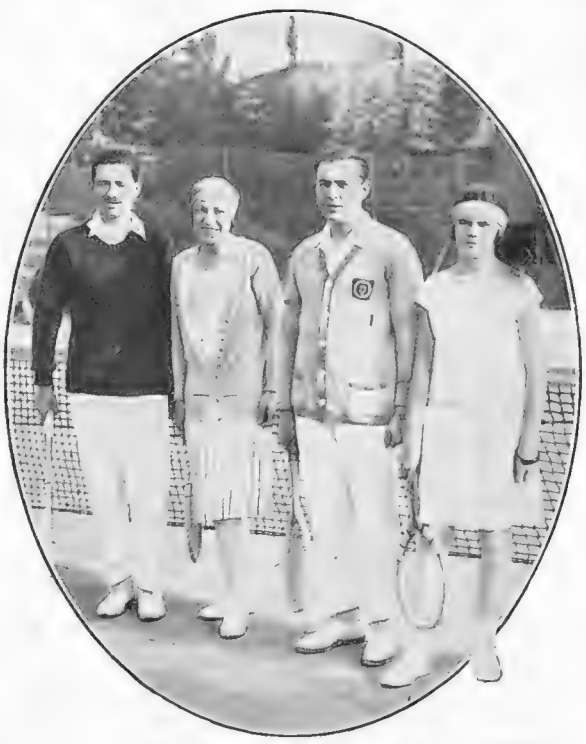
Mrs. Charles Craven, Mr. Oscar Lang and Lady MacCarthy. Sir Ellis Ellis-Griffith and Lady Ellis-Griffith are at the Beau-Rivage with friends, while Mrs. Lionel Harris, Sir Robert and Lady Fulton, General Sir George and Lady Bourke, Sir John and Lady Pretyman-Newman, Comtesse Cahen d'Anvers and Lady Tenterden are also here. And practically everyone in the Principality is reading or has already read the new book on Monte Carlo by no less experienced an authority than the Hon. Seton Horsley-Beresford, a brother of Lord Decies, and well known in sporting circles on the coast. His book might well be called the standard guide to Monte Carlo, for it deals in chatty fashion with every aspect of life there, and contains a wealth of information which is not only interesting but right up-to-date. There are chapters on systems for the edification of gamblers, on restaurants for the benefit of gourmets, and on all kinds of sports as practised locally. That in which the author endeavours to justify the habit of shooting live pigeons on the terraces will not meet with the approval of more than a small section of the general public, who dislike intensely this one unnecessary blot on a beautiful landscape, and his literary style would not pass at Oxford, but his many anecdotes and the useful tips he gives will make the book a "best-seller."

The new British Pro-consul at Monte Carlo is Mr. Anthony Knapton, retired R.N., who served throughout the War and was at one time in command of His Majesty's yacht *Saxon*. He will have an unusually interesting position, for the consul in this little Principality meets with many quaint and unexpected problems in the course of the season which would not arise in any other resort.

D. W. T.

SPORT ON THE RIVIERA

The Riviera, as everybody knows, is the home of the "Battle of Flowers." This season, in lawn tennis circles, we are threatened with a different battle of a more acrimonious type—"The battle of the Balls." The rivalry between the manufacturers of various makes of lawn tennis ball—French, English, and American—is intensely keen, and although there are certain standards to which every ball used in open competition must conform, there are nevertheless differences between the behaviour under similar circumstances of one make of ball and another. On the Riviera, as in England, the market, except that the number of "officially recognised" makes is limited, is an open one, and with so many examples of the "perfect sphere" to choose from (since the standard of production is nowadays so remarkably high), promotors of lawn tennis tournaments are positively torn by contending emotions. Their mission in life is to select the ball which (they hope) will give the greatest happiness to the greatest number—and they are finding it an extremely hard one. Lawn tennis is now such a highly specialised game that you hear abstruse problems about durability and so forth being discussed at every hour of the day.



Topical

A "CRACK" FOUR

A photograph taken at the Imperial Tennis Club, Nice. The group includes: M. Brugnon, Mlle. Lenglen, Mr. Pierson and Mlle. Marjollet

A lot of nonsense was talked, especially in one of the American papers which circulate out here, about the slight indisposition which caused the retirement of Mlle. Lenglen from the final stages of the Beau-Site tournament. We were told that she was suffering from a complete nervous breakdown, and that it might be several weeks before she would be able to play again. As a matter of fact, after a couple of days' rest she was dancing about as gaily and as gracefully as ever on the courts of her home club at Nice in its annual tournament confined to members of the club, where she is, of course, the holder of all the club championships that it is possible for her to hold. The news that Miss Helen Wills is actually on her way to the Riviera has, of course, caused quite a flutter of excitement here, especially among our friends from the U.S.A. As a rule Mlle. Lenglen does not play in singles at open tournaments on the Côte d'Azur, but she makes an exception in favour of her home town. If she adheres to this practice, Miss Wills may have a chance of meeting her in the first of Nice's two open meetings which starts on February 1.

The other day, I had occasion to put in an afternoon at Nice races, which are going on intermittently (after the fashion in this country) on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and sometimes Saturdays, during best part of the present month. It was a distinctly interesting experience. The first thing that struck me was that I only had to pay the equivalent of about 5s. for admission to the more exclusive portion of the arena, where from a lofty grand stand you could view every race from the start to the finish, and stroll about comfortably in the intervals between the "courses." Another arresting thing was the entire absence of the din occasioned by raucous bookmakers shouting inadequate odds. With the *pari mutuel* system, you walk up to the appropriate "booking office" (according to the size of your stake), and put your money on your fancy with no more fuss than is occasioned by the taking of a ticket on the Tube. *Per contra,* since there is no shouting of the odds, you can only surmise (naturally) what sort of a price you have got by keeping your eyes and your ears thoroughly well skinned up to the very last moment, which is not worth while unless you are making a business of it—which I was not.

H. S. S.

SOME WINTER'S TALES

BY A. A. THOMSON

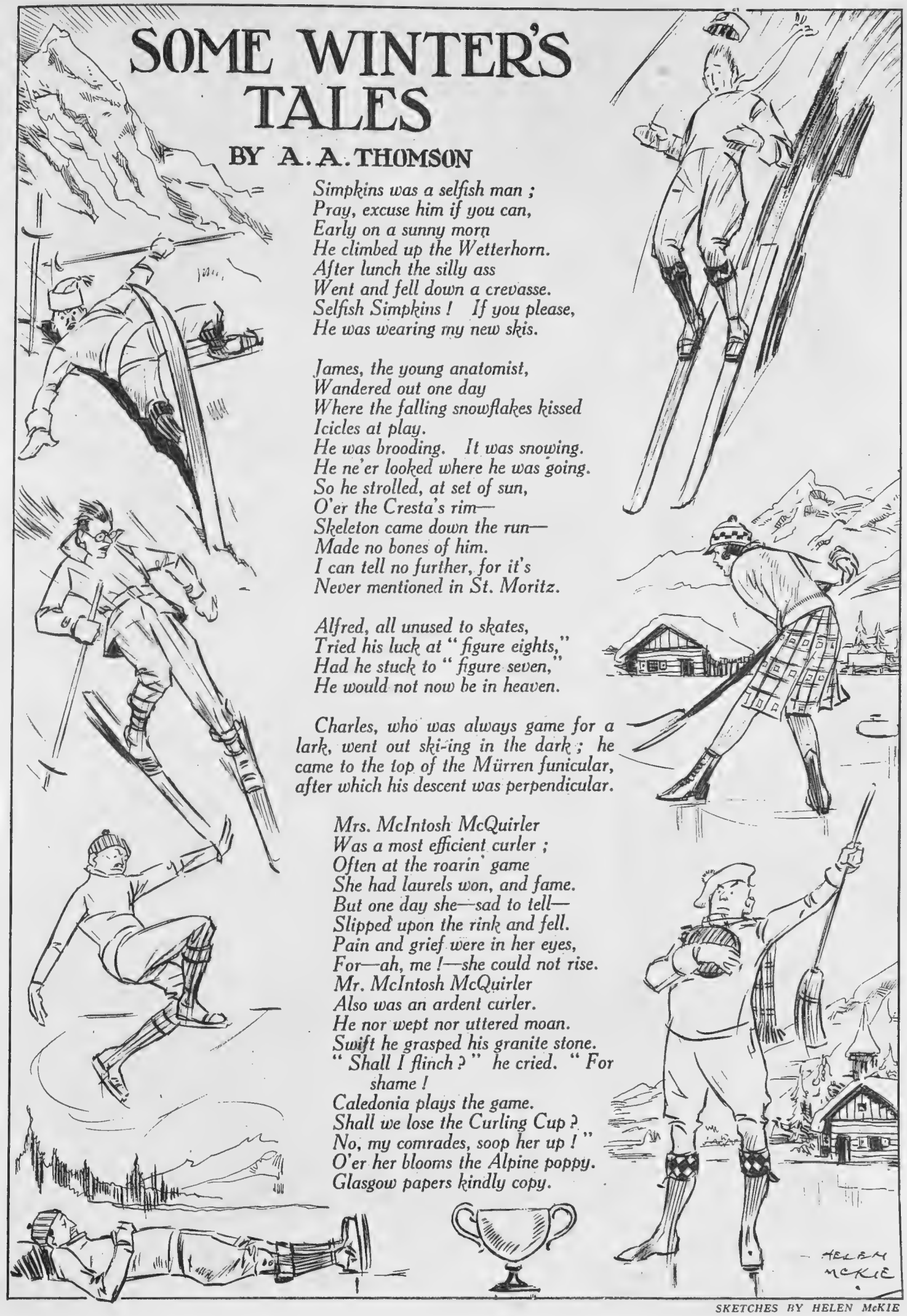
Simpkins was a selfish man ;
Pray, excuse him if you can,
Early on a sunny morn
He climbed up the Wetterhorn.
After lunch the silly ass
Went and fell down a crevasse.
Selfish Simpkins ! If you please,
He was wearing my new skis.

James, the young anatomist,
Wandered out one day
Where the falling snowflakes kissed
Icicles at play.
He was brooding. It was snowing.
He ne'er looked where he was going.
So he strolled, at set of sun,
O'er the Cresta's rim—
Skeleton came down the run—
Made no bones of him.
I can tell no further, for it's
Never mentioned in St. Moritz.

Alfred, all unused to skates,
Tried his luck at "figure eights,"
Had he stuck to "figure seven,"
He would not now be in heaven.

Charles, who was always game for a lark, went out ski-ing in the dark ; he came to the top of the Mürren funicular, after which his descent was perpendicular.

Mrs. McIntosh McQuirler
Was a most efficient curler ;
Often at the roarin' game
She had laurels won, and fame.
But one day she—sad to tell—
Slipped upon the rink and fell.
Pain and grief were in her eyes,
For—ah, me !—she could not rise.
Mr. McIntosh McQuirler
Also was an ardent curler.
He nor wept nor uttered moan.
Swift he grasped his granite stone.
"Shall I flinch ?" he cried. "For shame !
Caledonia plays the game.
Shall we lose the Curling Cup ?
No, my comrades, soop her up !"
O'er her blooms the Alpine poppy.
Glasgow papers kindly copy.



SKETCHES BY HELEN McKIE

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

We like the story of the old *roué* who demanded of his bookseller a loose-life diary.

. . . . . .

At this time of year those who go hunting would do well to remember the adage, Take care of the fence and the hounds will take care of themselves.

. . . . . .

And talking of hunting, which would you rather be—a sly fox or an unlicked cub?

. . . . . .

There is a *modiste* in Bond Street who has been at the same establishment for fifty-one years. She is undoubtedly a good example of the survival of the fittist.

. . . . . .

Each year, says a statistician, married women are committing more offences. Perhaps it may be accounted for by these periodical crime wives that sweep the country.

. . . . . .

Places in the Sun.

(1)

Should any one want, he
Can get fun at Monte;
Yet some say St. Moritz
Is healthier, for it's
So bracing; yet Beaulieu
Maybe, on the whole, you
Will choose; still at Nice
You can get a new lease
Of life: go and greet it.
Well, well, Cannes you beat it!

(2)

On the road to Mandelieu,
Is there any vandal who
Would prefer a sniff of Southend
to that gleam of sapphire
blue?
Then why does a Man delay?
Can Bude hold a candle, eh?
To that splendid spot of sunshine
with its vistas and its view?

How Difficult!

(*After A. H. Clough.*)

When my pencil I take and sit down at
my desk,
And endeavour to scribble a witty bur-
lesque,
Or some humorous verses I strive to
indite,
I cannot help saying aloud as I write,
" How difficult 'tis to be funny, heigh
ho!
How difficult 'tis to be funny! "

There are some I have heard of (most
exquisite wits),
Who can say, " Pass the salt," and send
all into fits;
But that doesn't happen to me: I just
know
How difficult 'tis to be funny, heigh ho!
How difficult 'tis to be funny!

And yet with this problem I weekly must
cope,
And send, in a stamped and pre-paid
envelope,
The result to my Editor who, when it's
read,
Is sure to agree, while he's shaking his
head,
" How difficult 'tis to be funny, heigh
ho!
How difficult 'tis to be funny! "

. . . . . .

A thing one doesn't often see:—A lawyer with his hands in his own pockets.

We shall have spring-cleaning here before we can turn round. A contemporary wrote last week, " And now comes in the sweep o' the year."

. . . . . .

Trainers of racehorses are not usually poetical fellows, but we heard one remark at a Northern meeting, " We should count time by hoof-beats! "

. . . . . .

Mr. T. P. O'Connor is said to be averse from dancing. We should certainly like to see *Thé Pay dansant.*

. . . . . .

The Next Election.

The candidate for whom we intend to vote at the next General Election is the one who will favour the death penalty for :—

(*a*) Any politician found in Fleet Street.

(*b*) Any comedian who refers to

Beer
Lodgers
Mothers-in-Law
and
Wigan.

(*c*) All saxophone players.

(*d*) Any person who refers to another as " the cat's pyjamas."

(*e*) All actors who say " Laddie " off the stage and wear those foul canvas tennis shoes on it.

(*f*) All kinema stars who indulge in the close-up kiss.

(*g*) Any after-dinner speaker who says, " That reminds me of a story."

(*h*) Any person who reads the sub-titles aloud at the Pictures. (These are to be branded first.)

(*i*) All persons who explain their reasons for revoking!

By H. Connolly

"ONE OVER THE EIGHT!"

In the Limelight

Bertram Park

MISS PENELOPE SPENCER

In Bacchic dance and costume. She arranged the dances in the production of Henry VIII at the Empire

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK

AT THE ROYALTY

Produced November 16, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

MRS. BOYLE is called Juno because she was born and married in the month of June. I do not find the word "Paycock" in the dictionary, so I must assume it is Irish for peacock. This is the epithet bestowed upon "Captain" Jack Boyle, Juno's husband, who is a "waster" of the most exclusive brand. He apparently once got a job as a deck-hand on a coasting vessel, and on coming ashore again was so full of romance concerning his adventures by sea and land that it came natural to his stay-at-home friends to call him "Captain," and to feel it an honour to be able to pay for the drinks of a person of his rank. It is well known that it is people of republican sympathies who usually attach the most importance to titles of any kind.

MRS. BOYLE toils unceasingly to keep the wretched tenement home together, while the "Captain" just loafs around, strenuously trying to dodge anything in the shape of honest work. Then, there is young Johnny Boyle, who has lost an arm in the faction fighting incidental to the sanguinary trouble in Dublin in the year of grace 1922. He is still being shadowed by the hired assassins euphemistically termed "Irregulars," who were very busy about that time. Then there is young Mary Boyle, whose chief concern in the midst of the local unrest, is whether she shall tie her bodice with a pink or a green ribbon. She has also acquired the undesirable habit of brushing her thick and wavy hair over the breakfast table, which is really not done among nice people. Then we have young Jerry Devine, who is courting Mary in a fine, vigorous way. When she refuses his addresses, he stands between her and the door and tries to hold her back till he can force the necessary word of assent from her reluctant lips; but Mary, like ancient Greece, rightly struggling to be free, manages to wriggle from his grasp and escape to the other young man who is waiting for her down the street. Jerry's method of courtship reminds one of that of William the Conqueror who, when he was refused by his Matilda, gave her a sound thrashing there and then, after which she protested between her sobs that she had loved him from the very first.

Stage Photo Co.

"BREAKFAST IS SERVED"
"Joxer" Daly (Sydney Morgan) experiences a sinking feeling on viewing the short rations provided by the Paycock (Arthur Sinclair), who is entertaining him to breakfast

MARY'S other young man is a lawyer's clerk named Bentham, who comes to the tenement home with the news that the Boyles have been left something like a couple of thousand pounds by a distant cousin. The mere hint of this good fortune is enough for the "Captain." On the strength of his expectations, he borrows money from his neighbours, and procures a suite of extremely gaudy furniture on the hire system, proposing to spend the rest of his days wallowing in luxury as one of the idle rich. The stroke of luck is celebrated by a sort of house-warming, in which songs are contributed by members of the company, with a hired gramophone to fill in the blanks of vocalism. There is Mrs. Maisie Madigan, a jovial widow, tempestuously represented by Maire O'Neill, who sings a fine old comic song, and brings a lively spirit of jocosity into the proceedings generally. Then there is "Joxer" Daly. I am sorry I am so ignorant of Irish Erse that I do not know what "Joxer" means. Anyway, the part is what you might call that of a waster's waster. "Joxer" is the Captain's boon companion, and he is represented with a quite wonderful skill by Mr. Sydney Morgan. Mr. Morgan acts every minute of the time. Even if he is listening to another singer, or to the raucous gramophone, his face is working unceasingly; while his valiant attempt to render "Mary of Argyll" in order to appear obliging is a gem of comicality.

All this happy nonsense, however, does not carry the story forward, and the play so far has been little more than a series of character studies, delicious in themselves, but serving only to create the necessary "atmosphere." But things have been happening unknown to ourselves, and there is trouble coming to the Boyle family in large doses, although the "Captain" is hardly the man to worry about a little thing like that. To begin with, Mary Boyle begins to sit about with a cheerless, despondent look, and we learn that she is moping for young Mr. Bentham, who has gone away and left her without a word. Mrs. Boyle, in her good, motherly way,

A General Impression of a Musical Evening at "Captain" Boyle's Apartments

Barney Mulligan, an Irregular Mobilizer. Harry Hutchinson as Johnny Boyle

becomes fearful for the girl's health and runs her round to the doctor. She comes back home to tell the "Captain" that the doctor says there is nothing wrong with Mary except that she is going to have a baby.

The dissolute "Captain's" righteous indignation at his daughter's dismal lapse is a fit spectacle for the gods, especially as one of his chronic depravity would, but for the sex disqualification, have probably committed the same rudimentary form of error long since. Johnny Boyle, whose own record would not appear to be quite spotless, roundly abuses his erring sister; and then Jerry Devine, hearing from Juno that Mary's other young man has left her, comes back and renews his suit. He even gives Mary the hope that he is going to marry her, in spite of everything, but as soon as she begins to talk about the expected baby, he backs away hurriedly, protesting he had never dreamed that Mary would sink so low as that. It is the way of the world, of course.

By way of standing up to the new trouble that has come to his house the "Captain" decides to go out and get drunk. During the absence of himself and the rest of the family, the furniture people call and seize the chairs and tables owing to the non-payment of the due instalment. Then a couple of "Irregulars" dash into the room and seize Johnny Boyle, who is sitting there alone, and drag him into the street to be assassinated. Johnny goes out shrieking on the Virgin and the Saints for mercy; and the next news we get is that the police have called to inform Mrs. Boyle that they have found her son's body and have brought it home. A little later the "Captain" and his inseparable companion, "Joxer" Daly, stagger into the now denuded room in an advanced state of intoxication, quite unable to realise the change that has taken place, and knowing nothing, of course, of the murder that has been committed. And on their drunken sleep the curtain falls.

Stage Photo Co.

GETTING MATEY WITH THE CAPTAIN

Juno (Sara Allgood) wisely decides to become reconciled to her husband, "Captain" Jack Boyle (Arthur Sinclair), on their unexpected accession to riches

Sara Allgood as Juno Boyle. Kathleen O'Regan as Mary

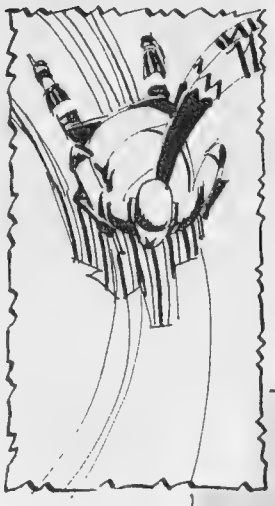
Mr. Arthur Sinclair as the "Captain" is entirely successful. He is the thorough-paced loafer and workshy, brazenly defending his own sins, while fulminating with the thunder of Jove against the errors of others. Miss Sara Allgood as the distressful Juno is impressive in all her moods, and she gives a realistic picture of the brave woman afflicted with an idle and dissolute mate. Very tender and beautiful is her final prayer that the various factions in Ireland may leave off their childish squabbling and learn to love each other; but I should not myself expect the answer to her prayer by return. I do not know why the deplorable happenings of 1922 have been thought of sufficient importance to be included in an otherwise attractive drama of domestic interest. The incidental horrors in so pleasant a play strike an unnecessarily jarring note from the English point of view.

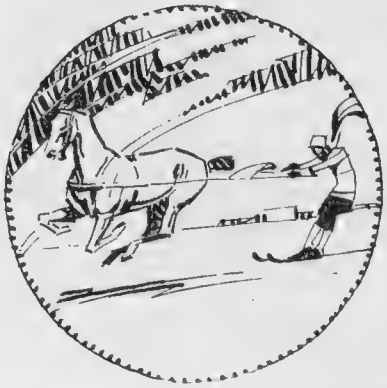
Arthur Sinclair as Capt. Jack Boyle. Sidney Morgan as "Joxer"

Jingle.

GOSSIP *from the* WINTER SPORTS CENTRES

By H. CHALLINOR JAMES





Sketches by H. K. ELCOCK

SWITZERLAND is experiencing one of the most extraordinary winters in living memory. From the middle of November until well into December, conditions for winter sport were superlatively excellent. Then with disconcerting contempt for the calendar, the weather abruptly switched over into Spring, and the thousands of Britishers spending the New Year vacation in the Alps watched with increasing apprehension the snowline gradually creeping upwards, until it seemed that it could only stop at the mountain tops. Since then, however, successive falls of snow have brought joy to the hearts of the winter-sporters, and enthusiasts of ski, luge and skate have been able to indulge their passions under relatively good conditions.

FORTUNATELY, Switzerland is not dependent entirely upon winter sports for its popularity. In proof of which it is only necessary to mention that even during "the great thaw" few visitors gave up their rooms, because they knew full well that they would be snapped up immediately they became vacant. Indoor entertainments play an ever-increasing part in Alpine holidays, and in this domain the Swiss *hôtelier* has set up a standard unsurpassed by any other country in Europe. St. Moritz, especially, makes a feature of this type of amusement, and some of the "spectacles" staged at the "Big Five," as the quintet of leading hotels are known, eclipse anything seen outside Paris or London.

ROLLING THE PITCH

Horse-rollers on the frozen lake at St. Moritz preparing the "ground" for the International Horse-Race Meeting. This meeting, which is one of the great events of the season, takes place at the end of this month

G. P. U.

A HITCH IN THE ARRANGEMENTS

Two young "lugers," who are followers of the latest fashion in pull-overs, seem to find some difficulty in the problem before them: which is, to "pull-over" the luge!

COMMENCING with cocktail dances at mid-day the merry round of indoor life continues without a break until night is merging into day. Then an early run on the Cresta, or a brisk spell of ski-joring on the frozen road to Maloja, disperses all the cobwebs and makes one fit for yet another strenuous day.

AS usual the English 'Varsities have contributed greatly towards the success of the season in the Engadine, and the members of the hockey teams have distinguished themselves almost as much in the ballrooms as on the ice rinks. The "London Lions," mostly composed of Canadian players, again carried all before them, and their brilliant match on the ice Stadium against Oxford thrilled the great crowd of spectators. Oxford afterwards revenged themselves by beating a picked St. Moritz team 5 goals to 2 in decisive fashion.

THE first race on the Cresta from Stream Corner was won by M. Bodmer in 89.6 sec., with H. Lawrence

(*Continued on page 138*)

BY D'EGVILLE

LAST—BUT NOT LEAST

and Colonel Warwick Wright second and third respectively, their times being 89.9 sec. and 90.4 sec.

SILS MARIA, the delightful little township some forty minutes sleigh ride from St. Moritz, is again open for the winter season, and amongst Britishers wintering there are: The Earl of Rosse, Lord Stavordale, Lady Bridget Parsons, Viscount de Vesci, Sir William and Lady Muller, Sir George and Lady Hamilton, and Lady Mildred Fitzgerald.

ALL the well-known resorts of the Oberland, such as Mürren, Wengen and Grindelwald, are packed with English visitors, and practically all accommodation is booked until the end of the season. The "Bad Boys" at Grindelwald are practising hard to get back the Jackson Cup, the curling blue riband so unfortunately lost a season ago, and they are sending a very strong team to Kandersteg, where the classic event will be decided.

THE Slalom race organised by the British Ski Association at Gstaad was run in a blizzard, which made good performances impossible. The winner was W. Dobbs; W. Braeken and A. M. d'Egville being second and third respectively. Earl Beatty's cup for ski-ing has again attracted a number of well-known runners. Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General to the League of Nations, has been spending a holiday at Gstaad with Lady Drummond, other notable visitors being Mr. Hugh S. Gibson, American Minister in Berne, and Mrs. Gibson, Admiral Carpendale, and Mr. William Phillips, American Minister at Brussels.

Photo A.S.A.

"MAIN STREET"

A photograph of the principal thoroughfare of Chamonix, which is the chief French centre for Winter Sports. Traffic congestion is not much of a problem here!

IN common with the rest of Switzerland, the French-Swiss resorts are enjoying great popularity this season, and notwithstanding the vagaries of the weather, accommodation practically everywhere is at a premium. Down on the lakeside at Montreux social life is in full swing, and the fancy dress ball at the Grand, Territet, was a huge success. An amateur cast under the direction of "Sapper," the well-known author, is to give a performance of Clemence Dane's well-known play, "A Bill of Divorcement," at the Montreux Kursaal, in aid of the International Sports Club recently founded there. Mrs. Alwyn Compton, familiar to English audiences, will play the part of the wife, while "Sapper" will interpret the *rôle* of husband.

THE Duchess of Hamilton, the Marquis of Clydesdale and Lord George Hamilton have chosen Pontresina for their Alpine holiday this year. Sir Colville Barclay, British Minister at Budapest, is at St. Moritz with Lady Barclay, other notable people being Lady Hambro, Sir William and Lady Berry, Sir Anthony Weldon, Lady Nunburnholme, Sir George and Lady Lewis, and Sir John Latta.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"A FOX HUNT ON SKIS"

The above intriguing title is an item in the programme of events for a well-known Winter Sports centre. Our artist was so taken with the title that he immediately dashed off his idea of the event as pictured above. However, "things are not always what they seem," especially in programmes, and the event as it is really performed is pictured on p. 152

BY NORMAN KEENE

"WINTER SP(H)AUGHTY"

THE MORNING PARADE FOR THE

A typical scene at the entrance to any big hotel during the Winter Sports season. Breakfast is over, and the guests, dressed for occasions. Skating. curling, ski-ing, riding, sleighing, all provide an embarrassment of riches for those who are on pleasure

BY HOWARD K. BLOCK

THE PLAYGROUNDS OF THE SNOW

for their several parts in the wondrous raiment which is *de rigueur* in the Alps, are preparing to set out on their various sporting ure bent, and he would be a curmudgeon indeed who could not answer effectively to the morning call of the champagne air

"PAINTED BUTTERFLIES"

The Art of WALTZING on ICE

By PROFESSOR HOWARD NICHOLSON
(World's Professional Champion)

SKATING, introduced undoubtedly as a pastime, then cultivated as a means of travelling over the ice for the purpose of trade, has now expanded into a charming recreation. Of all the figures or dances arranged on the ice, the most popular is the waltz. Although it is composed of the first elementary steps, it will do more to raise the standard of proficiency among skaters than any other figure. People otherwise unambitious to acquire proficiency, will be filled with wonder and delight at seeing couples dancing on the frozen surface of ornamental waters, with graceful evolutions and rhythmic sway.

Every skater naturally has the ambition to waltz well, yet it is surprising how few people will take the shortest route. There is only one way to learn and that is by hard work intelligently directed. In the first place it is absolutely necessary to have perfect-fitting boots and well-made skates firmly screwed on to them.

Photographs *Othmar Rutz*

"The man glides on the back edges of his skates and the lady prepares to make a three-turn"

STUDY and accumulated experience have evolved certain positions of shoulders, hips and legs as the best for certain movements. Each edge and turn has its own reasons. The first stage is to be dragged around by some strong and competent person, until you get some idea of balance. Drop this stage as quickly as possible, throw dignity to the winds and strike out into the great vastness on your own. What matter if you give an imitation of a windmill or if you sit down hard once or twice? We have all been through it, and you will soon find your antics are absolutely unnoticed by other skaters.

Soon you will achieve your first edge. Keep on practising and you will soon be going backwards and trying other edges, threes and eights. But all these things should be done under good guidance. They do not come by light of nature or, if they do, they come wrongly and it is difficult to eradicate a fault once it has become a habit.

"The open and spiral position of the waltz. Just before reversing the rotation"—

IN its simplest form the waltz step is nothing more than an ordinary outside edge, on one foot, followed by a three-turn and passing with a gliding step on to the outside back edge. The skater commences on the outside-forward edge, on a bent knee—the shoulders square with the tracing and the unemployed leg in the rear held slightly bent and inside the tracing. The toe is well pointed down and outwards. On approaching the three-turn, throw the weight of the body on the front part of the skate and swing the unemployed leg from the hip around naturally. This movement causes the inside back edge to come of its own accord in the right direction. Now place the unemployed foot down on an outside back edge, on a well-bent knee close to the other foot. The unemployed foot is held in front for a moment and then carried back gradually. During this progress the body should be gradually turning to allow the skater to pass on to the outside edge of the original foot. When the figure is to be repeated, or to change the rotation, the figure is done similarly on the other foot, usually two or three turns are done one way and then two or three turns the other, and so on, effecting a general progression of the waltzes around the ice-rink.

"The start of the waltz"—

THE main effect and charm of the waltz depends on the manner in which the change of rotation is accomplished. When the skater makes the change, the man, who is leading, instead of making another three, holds the outside edge a little longer and then glides over on the outside edge of the other foot, preparatory to cutting another three as before explained. While doing this, the body is tracing the corresponding backward edges on opposite feet.

AFTER suitable progress has been made in skating their respective steps, the partners should attempt to combine them. While the lady is on the outside back edge, the man is skating the first curve of the three. When the man turns to the inside back edge, the lady commences the outside forward edge. The tracings should be as nearly parallel as possible. All edges should show similarity of curve and therefore should be of the same length. It is imperative to skate in perfect rhythm or time to music, and all signs of effort must be concealed as the essential characteristics of the waltz are ease and grace.

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Or other thick soup"

MES AMIS,—

OF all the risky occupations in the world, few jobs are so dangerous as that of trying to be good. It is one of those tasks in regard to which people of the kind who preach but never practise declare ponderously that virtue is its own reward. But if you are of those who practise without preaching, keep a very sharp look-out while you are waiting for your reward for doing good, or you may find yourself *dans la purée*, or other thick soup.

TAKE the case of my friend M. Levasseur, who is not only my adored friend but the esteemed friend of every tenant in France who has a landlord possessed of the eviction itch—only to be cured by quintuples of rent rolls. M. Levasseur was the self-appointed protector of the threatened tenants, and laboured so hard that he was created official protector under the title of *Haut-Commissaire des Loyers*.

WHEN, on the last day of last year, some millions of tenants were at the point of slaughter through the expiry of their leases and of the protecting Acts, M. Levasseur saved the victims from the very jaws of the devourer by negotiating a parliamentary extension of tenancy.

BUT the victory cost him his salary. When the credits of his commissariat came up for renewal, the Senators, covert enemies of his Bill, refused to vote them. The one tenant under order of eviction is well-intentioned M. Levasseur. It is very fine to be good, sweet maid, but more than essential to be clever—and simultaneously.

A SOMEWHAT remarkable event has occurred in the theatrical world. A revue has been written for French people and, more especially, for Parisians. This is the *Revue du Palais-Royal*, by Rip. Rip is apparently disdainful of the exchange rate, though not ignorant of it, as is shown in one of the numbers that will make the most appeal to French audiences, if rather unpleasant for the over-baited tourist.

MOST of the revues produced in Paris nowadays are written to the pound sterling, the dollar, the peseta and the florin, and there is little which the eye does not see that the heart is left to grieve for. In the choice between the flesh and the spirit (spirit being a convenient translation for *esprit*), the eyes have it.

NOW, the revue of M. Rip is intended to make its appeal almost exclusively on the basis of *esprit*. Which means a limitation of the audiences to be drawn upon. Almost all short-stop tourists are excluded—for *esprit de revue* is not to be understood in three weeks, not even an intensive three weeks—and quite an appreciable number of natives. Quite a quantity of M. Rip's wit goes over the head of many of his compatriots, few of whom are as quick in the uptake as he is himself.

"Monsieur et Madame Bourgeois deprived"

NOT many Britons or Americans who may mistakenly stray into the Palais Royal will relish the story of Monsieur et Madame Bourgeois deprived of the best dishes in a restaurant by an *Américain* and an *Anglais* who outbuy them, with *peu de dollars ou peu de livres pour beaucoup de francs*.

ONE becomes very tired of these malicious allegations that foreigners are to blame because the purchasing value of the franc has shrunk. After all, a very heavy price had to be paid to restore the purchasing value of the pound. It is always open to M. Rip and his fellows to obtain a similar result by paying a similar price.

"Coiffure, manicure and pedicure gratuits"

UNFORTUNATELY, there are so many people about who want everything for nothing, even seats in a theatre. If the proposal were put up to him, I imagine M. Rip would have something very mordant to say about that, but it is only on a par with the other. The proposal has been brought forward quite seriously "that municipal councillors shall have the right of free entrance to theatres and music-halls." Its author is a Paris councillor, who styles himself a republican-socialist, a worthy of the worthies.

(*Continued on page 146*)

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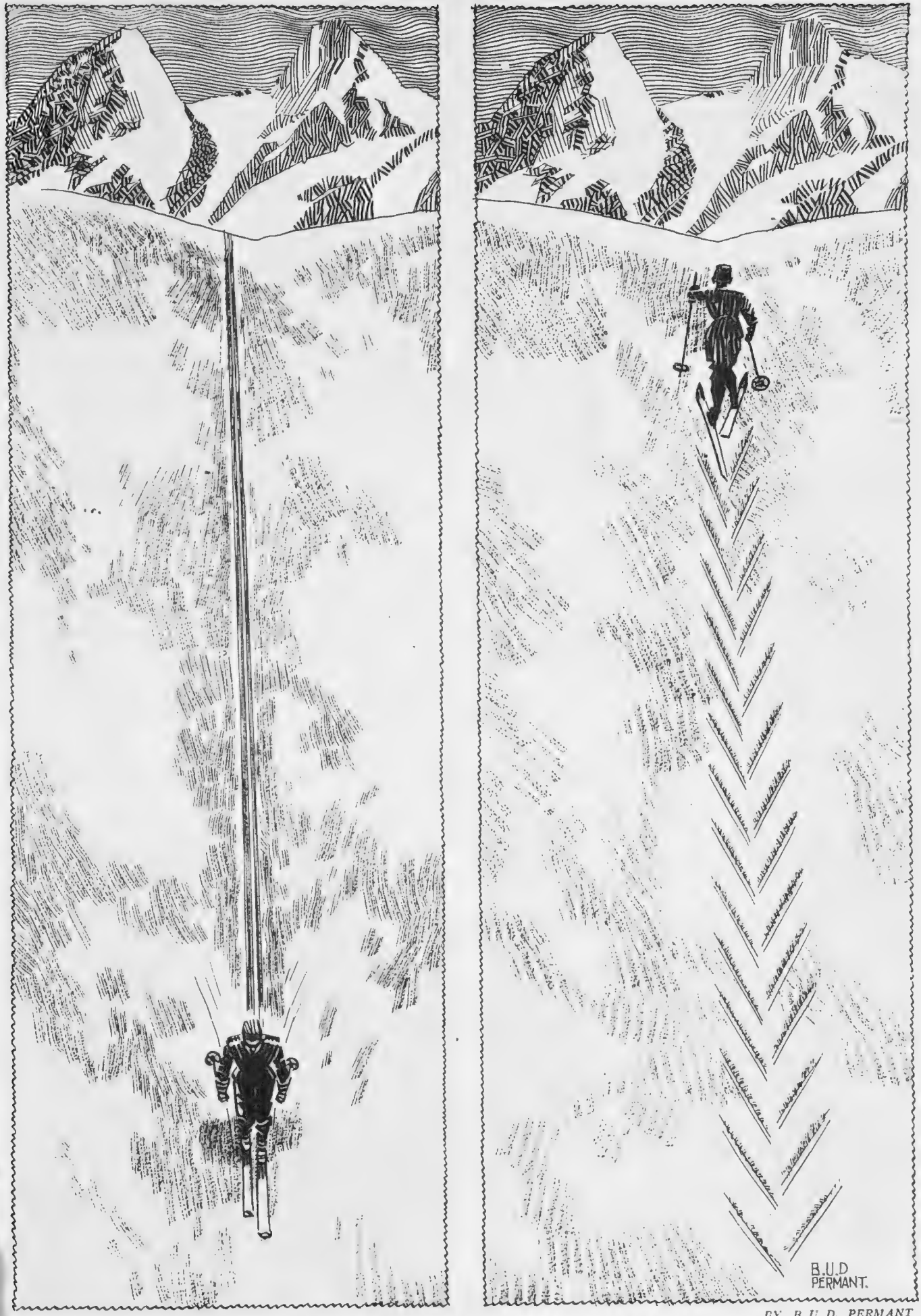


BY B. U. D. PERMANT

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY

The Personal Side of Some Recent

Photo Illus.

A CHANGE OF MOUNTS

Mr. Jack Salisbury and his fiancée, Miss M. Michelson, leaving a many horse-powered car for two one-horse-powered mounts at a recent meet of the Eridge

Alfieri

ON A HUNTING MORNING

Lord Henry Nevill, the Master of the Eridge, and Lady Fiona Pratt bound for the saddle. The photograph was taken at a recent meet at Bayham Abbey

L. N. A.

BOUND FOR THE COVERT

Prince Henry, who, like his elder brothers, is a keen rider to hounds, on his way to the covert-side whilst out with the Quorn at a meet which was recently held at Thorpe Satchville

Graystone Bird

"THE SPLASH OF COLOUR REYNARD LEARNS TO FEAR"

The field moving off to draw the first covert at the "After-the-Ball" meet of the Beaufort which was held at Easton Grey. Foot-and-mouth restrictions have happily been removed from the Beaufort country, which suffered severely under the ban imposed upon it, and big fields have been turning out to signalise the fact that hunting can once more be the order of the day

Hunting Mornings and Hunting Evenings

L. N. A.

THE PRINCE IN THE FIELD

The Prince of Wales enjoying an "easy" whilst hunting with the Quorn. This famous pack has been enjoying some good hunting of late

Sport and General

A SCOTTISH BALL-ROOM MEET

Some of the dancers at the Dumfries-shire Hunt Ball at Lockerbie Town Hall. The group shows, back row: Mr. J. W. Buchanan-Jardine, the Master (left), Mr. I. A. Judd, Capt. Graham and the Count de Caramen-Chimay. Front row: Mrs. Buchanan-Jardine (left), Lady Evelyn Graham, the Comtesse de Caramen-Chimay and Miss Judd

Sport and General

AT A "MORNING AFTER" MEET

Some "among those present" at the "After the Ball" meet of the Dumfries-shire at Castlemilk. The group shows: Mrs. Percy (left), Capt. O. Mostyn, Mrs. Dennistown, Capt. Graham, Lady Sybil Phipps, Capt. Dennistown and Mr. Percy

Topical

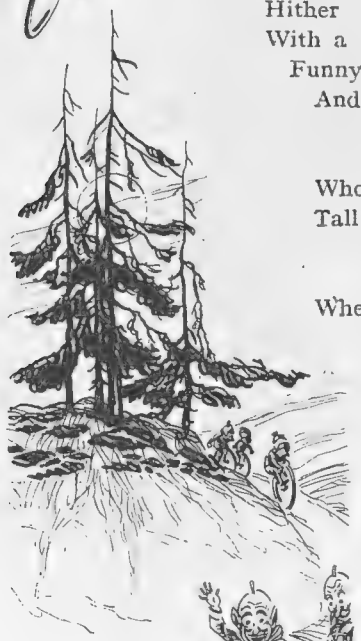
READY FOR ACTION

The Hon. Betty Grosvenor caught in cheery mood with the Old Berkeley. The meet was held at Lord Ebury's residence, Redheath, Rickmansworth

WHEELS

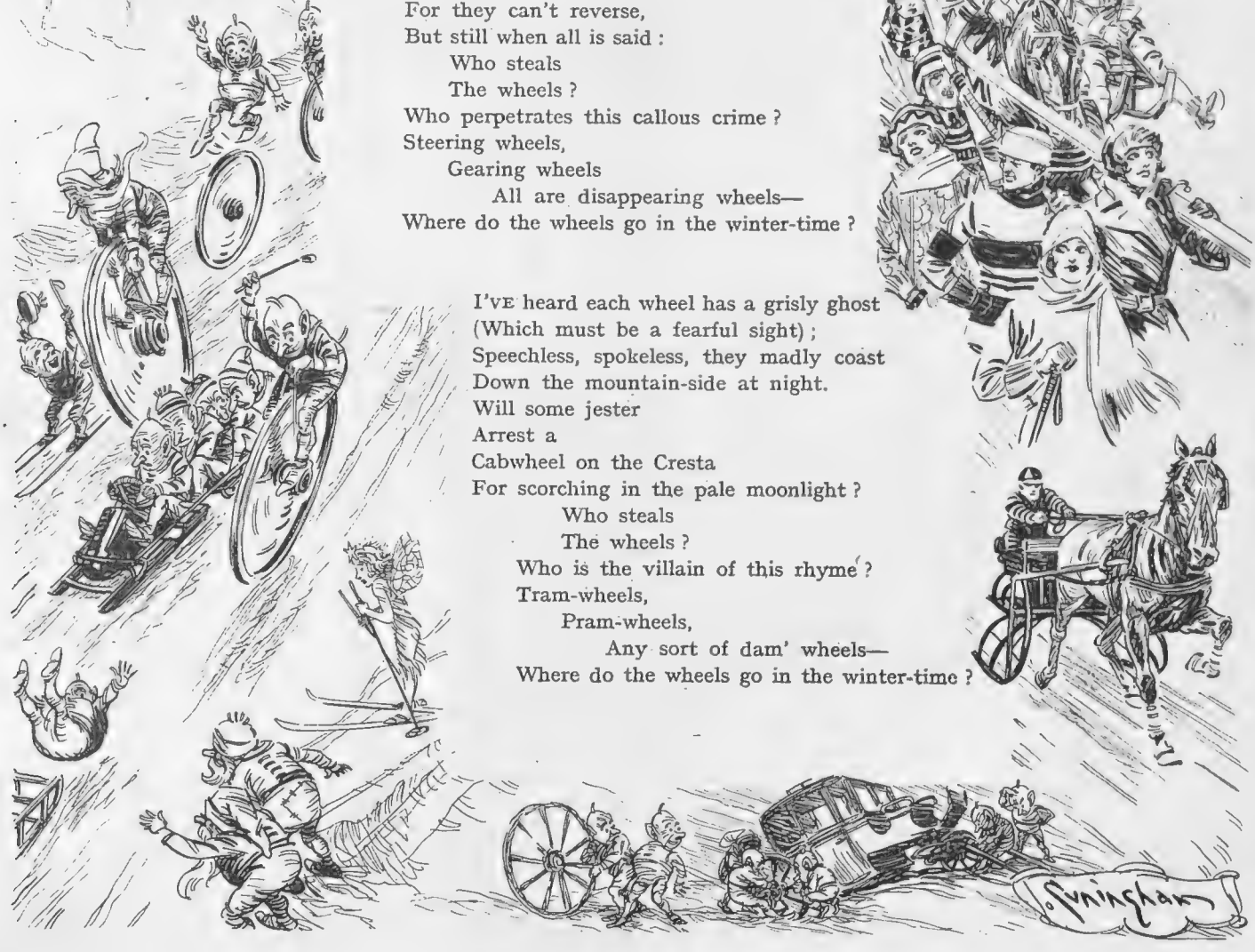
By A. A. THOMSON

THERE's a golden sun in an azure sky
And a world of white below;
And a jingling sleigh comes crunching by
On runners over the snow,
Hither
With a
Funny kind of slither
And I feel I want to know:
Who steals
The wheels?
Who hides them in this frosty clime?
Tall wheels,
Small wheels,
Absolutely all wheels—
Where do the wheels go in the winter-time?



THERE are runners on coach and carriage
And on schoolboy's soap-box sled;
Runners to take you to church for marriage
And likewise when you're dead.
They're worse
On a hearse,
For they can't reverse,
But still when all is said:
Who steals
The wheels?
Who perpetrates this callous crime?
Steering wheels,
Gearing wheels
All are disappearing wheels—
Where do the wheels go in the winter-time?

I'VE heard each wheel has a grisly ghost
(Which must be a fearful sight);
Speechless, spokeless, they madly coast
Down the mountain-side at night.
Will some jester
Arrest a
Cabwheel on the Cresta
For scorching in the pale moonlight?
Who steals
The wheels?
Who is the villain of this rhyme?
Tram-wheels,
Pram-wheels,
Any sort of dam' wheels—
Where do the wheels go in the winter-time?



SKETCHES BY CUNINGHAM

LIVING BACKWARDS

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 18.

DEAR COUSIN—

How lovely it would be really if one could only go backwards a bit and live for a while in yesterday. There's no dealing with the future, of course, not with any certainty, and anyway must confess it'd always seem to *me* at least a shade uncanny. To anticipate things, I mean, and look ahead into what's going to happen, as so many of the best spiritualists and palmists and people tell you they can—and do, too, quite nicely, and I expect quite fairly truly also, only of course by the time the things they've predicted are due to eventuate, you've forgotten all about it, and that's that.

卐

But in the matter of the past—that's quite a different affair. After all, we mortal people, who possess so little ever, as we scurry through life—we can at least claim as our own the dead-and-gone glories and the finished crimes. We have a sort of property in the past—no one can take *that* from us at least. And what a perfectly delightful and precious thing to own, too, with all its great poets and writers, its masterpieces of art and history! So why shouldn't we, as in a film I saw just the other day, go back and live our lives, say, three or four or five hundred years ago? Whenever we want to, I mean.

卐

They're all in a railway accident, in this aforesaid film (which is called "The Road to Yesterday"), and the shock sends all the people back a few hundred years or so to the Good Old Days. Wherein everything's so much more picturesque; what with the men in Cavalier sort of clothes and on nice galloping horses (at about 120 miles an hour, as they do on the screen, what?), and the women attired in the wide long skirts and little bodices that may entertain one rather, perhaps, these days (especially now skirts are getting even shorter than ever), but were vastly becoming all the same.

卐

So back they go to a previous life some centuries ago, and have all sorts of adventures that you don't get in these humdrum days. Only must admit they aren't very comfortable ones (including rather a lot of stabbing and torturing and burning), so that they're quite glad to wake up in the present again, even if it's in the middle of a railway smash. But, of course, that's just luck, and anyway if you *did* happen to strike a bad patch, how fearfully comforting it would be to return afterwards to To-day.

卐

"We've told the world all about our legs"

Makes you realise, you know, living back in Yesterday (even if it's only on a film) that our much-abused To-day *has* its points. I mean, we are, anyway, safe-ish, so long as we pay our taxes and don't do anything really outrageous like murder or selling a chocolate after nine. Whereas in the Good Old Days aforesaid, apparently, any bold bad baron (or earl for that matter) who had enough henchmen (and 120-miles-an-hour horses to mount), could ride roughshod over the law and force you even to marry him if he felt that way, casting any rivals into the deepest dungeon the while, and probably having them flogged to death just as part of the wedding rejoicings.

卐

And then, of course, it'd be rather cheering, too, methinks, to get the *atmosphere* of those good old times, so to speak, and not altogether metaphorically, either. Because, you know, they hadn't invented bathrooms yet and wouldn't have known what to do with them if they had—not even as much as that celebrated New Rich gentleman of modern days who, displaying to a visitor his Carrara marble *chambre de bains* jewelled in every hole, exclaimed, "And now, my lord, you can understand how I look forward to Saturday nights."

卐

But only a few hundred years ago you'd have got held up, seemingly, by what they called footpads, or highwaymen, and it'd have cost more even than all the ticking up of taxi threepences in the world's worst block. Not to mention the fact that if it was at all on the wet side (and there's evidence that it used to rain a bit even then) as likely as not you might fall into several feet of mud any moment—and absolutely *ruin* the nice frock all covered with rich brocade and things that you'd inherited from your great-grandmother as a priceless (and fruity) heirloom

"Men, it seems, are superior"

卐

Yes, on the whole, must say I rather prefer To-day to Yesterday, spite of all the glamour and so on, *and* the picturesque clothes—which, though, meseems, are much more a loss to men

"Footpads"

than to Us. Men's dress having got hideouser and hideouser with every year, whereas we've evolved just about *the* maximum of comfort and becomingness combined. Rather a pity you know they can't make it a universal men's mode—the Oxford custom of plus fours. Sole objection to which is I suppose that, well, some of the legs are not quite perfect enough to venture forth *sans* the sheltering ægis of a coy trouser. But what cowardice, dear cousin! And look at the way *we've* courageously come forth and told the world all about *our* legs—thick, thin, or medium, and all boldly and bravely displayed, not to say flaunted in the universal (to put it technically) nude.

卐

But, then, women are, you know, braver than men about little things, anyway. In the big things, if we're to believe, for instance, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, women don't really much matter. They don't make the best pictures or buildings, not even the best hats or pastry. And the reason is, apparently, that they're so obsessed and preoccupied with "sex." Whereas men, it seems, are superior to such things, or anyway can put them away in a handy pigeonhole when required and get on with their work, so to speak. Anyway, we're still terribly inferior, according to all the best male writers in the Sunday papers—though according to the feminine ditto we're simply streets ahead—so you just pays your money and you takes your choice.

"At the Riviera Club"

The country-house season's at its height, so to speak, with lots of hunt and county balls in the ancient style, and such cheersome "do's" as the Stage Guild Costume Ball at Covent Garden looming in the near distance—to be exact, on February 16 as ever will be. Likewise, such smartish spots as Ciro's or that cheery Riviera Club where everything—including visitors—is of the ultra best, as one might say, are benefiting by the Return of the Native—as we say down Dorset way—in no uncertain measure.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

ON THE MOUNTAIN RAILWAY

"Wonderful. . . ."

"The way the train wriggles and wriggles round. Like a kitten chasing its tail."

"Snow's pretty deep. I hear they've had fifteen feet at St. Moritz."

"Oh, not fifteen. When I was at Pontresina two years ago——"

"Oh, look at that village in the valley below. Looks like marzipan."

"Looks like a pattern on linoleum."

"Look at those peaks above the clouds."

"Look at the snow weighing down those fir trees."

"Look at the ski-tracks in the snow."

"My hat, some stout fellow! Look at the slope of it."

"That's nothing. In the Kandahar Cup. . . ."

[*And so on.*

By Howard K. Elcock

AS IT REALLY IS. (See page 138)

On a previous page appears a drawing under the title "A Fox Hunt on Skis" which gives our artist's mental vision of the sport. This event, which is a really novel and first-rate sport, is actually practised as illustrated above. The "fox" is a human one mounted on skis and, having been given a start, lays a trail of paper which the "hounds" have to follow in the effort to catch him before he gets home. In other words, it is but the Swiss version of our own paper-chases.

Do Téclas cost more than imitations? *Certainly!!*

THERE never yet was a time when the real thing didn't cost at least a little more than the substitute!
But what woman, in her better judgment, would sacrifice, for a few shillings, the iridescent deep sea lustre of Técla Creations for the artificial sheen and nondescript nativity of commercial imitation pearls?! YET EVEN AS IT IS TÉCLAS COST VERY LITTLE!

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The National

ANYBODY who follows National Hunt racing can tell approximately which horses to expect to find in the entries for the Grand National. The race is fairly cut and dried. We can always count on the seasoned performers appearing among the nominations if they are reasonably sound, and even when they are unsound their owners put them in the race on the off-chance that they will come right before the date of running. This explains why Master Robert is in the entry this time. Those who saw him hobble to the paddock after rapping a leg in a recent race in the Midlands said good-bye to his prospects of winning another Grand National for Lord Airlie and Major Sidney Green. But apparently Aubrey Hastings thinks there is still a hope for the old horse. You will remember that Master Robert was practically a cripple when he won the National two years ago.

Young 'Chasers

TWO young horses missing from the entry who will probably appear in the race another year are Ruddyglow and Blancona. I was not surprised at the omission of the latter, for he is only just six years old, and so far has had absolutely no experience of the English fences. His youthful owner, Miss Barbour, can well afford to wait until Blancona comes to maturity as a 'chaser before asking him to run for the premier steeplechase. I assume Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey has kept Ruddyglow out of the race because he doubts whether the horse can stay and jump the course. As an eight-year-old Ruddyglow is surely mature enough for the job at Aintree. Indeed, the race has been won by plenty of horses much younger. Ally Sloper was the last six-year-old to prove successful. The only five-year-old I have seen score in the Grand National was Lutteur III, but if you go further back in the history of the race you will find a number of other examples. One of them was that extraordinary horse Voluptuary, who had never been seen in a steeplechase before he won at Aintree, and finished his career in the play *Sporting Life*.

BY "THE TOUT"

MR. H. LUMSDEN

A cartoon of that keen young R.H.A. subaltern, who is becoming so well known in amateur races between the flags

Will Silvo Stay?

I AM glad to see Mr. W. H. Midwood is going to give Silvo another chance in the National. They say the third time pays for all. Well, this will be Silvo's third attempt, and if he wins everybody will be saying what a good judge his owner was to give such a vast sum to retain him at the Edgar sale. At the time 10,000 guineas was thought to be a mad price for the horse, but there will be nothing mad about it if Silvo gets first past the winning-post at the end of March. We are told that he will not stay the journey, and in evidence his two failures are quoted. All the same, you will not find a bookmaker willing to lay you a very long price about him. For my part I have not heard of a better offer than 100 to 7. I do not think it is a fair price.

Mr. Sanford's Lot

WE shall miss dear old Sergeant Murphy this time, but the colours he carried to victory three years ago are likely to be prominent again. At present it is impossible to say which of his three "Laddie" Sanford will run. Perhaps he will start "the whole fleet." I have considerable admiration for his mare Ballinode. I lost money over her when she fell in the race last season, and I am sure to give her the chance of getting it back for me if her number goes into the frame. Double Chance was such a stylish National winner that he is bound to inspire respect again, but he is said to have a bit of a "leg." My present fancy for the race is **Sprig.**

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Squash

WHAT a tantalising season! No sooner had hounds got into a vein of tip-top sport after all their restrictions up to the New Year when along came frost and snow to plunge them into idleness again. The new stoppage has given the Craven Lodge Club party a chance of putting in some assiduous practice for the Inter-Hunt squash racquets championship, which is to be decided there this week. But of course the Meltonians and others would prefer to have hunting as well as squash, and the week-end found them eagerly awaiting the resumption of sport with hounds. The tournament looks like being a bright affair. In the first round the Quorn, for whom the Prince of Wales will play, are drawn against the Belvoir. The Cottesmore meet the Cheshire men, and the Pytchley are opposed to the Grafton, the Bedale getting a bye into the second round.

A Big Run

BELVOIR folk are very much cock-a-hoop over their big day from Landyke Lane. And they are quite entitled to be proud of their pack, which certainly hunted in a style worthy of their great traditions. When the pace is hot for mile after mile, and hounds cover an enormous expanse of country, you may be sure that not many of the field will get to the end of the gallop. Naturally, only a few were with the Belvoir at the end of their wonderful hunt. Miss Rosemary Laycock was the only follower with hounds when they stopped, and that plucky young rider woke up to find herself famous when the first reports of the run were published. In due course the glowing descriptions of the hunt were amply confirmed, and it is described as "the greatest run scored by these hounds for many years."

A Few Details

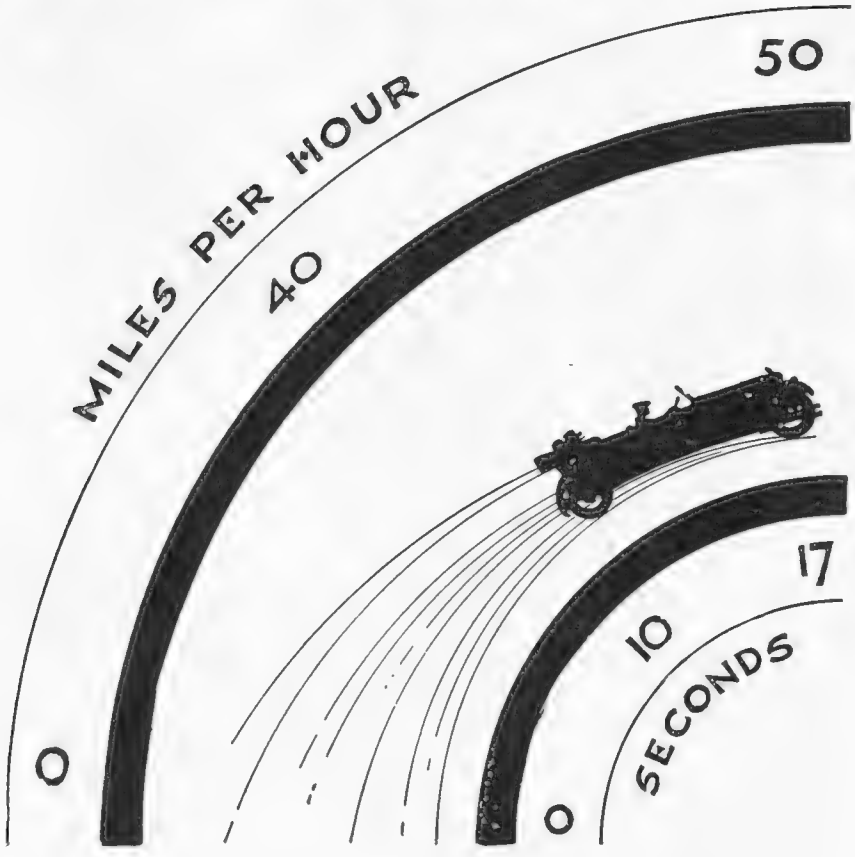
FROM Clawson Thorns hounds hunted their fox at a warm pace all along the Belvoir Vale, and their longest point was between thirteen and fourteen miles. They came back in a wide semi-circle through the South Notts country, and ultimately lost their fox at Langar. They had been hunting for more than four hours, and it is reckoned that they covered twenty-eight miles from start to finish. No wonder there were hardly any survivors besides the huntsman. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry were out and saw something of this memorable hunt. Although Miss Laycock had the field practically to herself at the end, Major F. Cripps, Capt. H. B. Turnor, and Capt. Rollo have come in for "honourable mention" as being in close attendance. Landyke Lane was, of course, the real historic day, but a few days before there had been a big run after the meet at Sutton.

Blood-stained Survivors

ON that occasion, we are told by one writer, there were "only a small and somewhat blood-stained group of survivors, some eight or nine out of a big field." Among the casualties was the Master, Capt. Marshall Roberts, who is, however, delighted with the recent performances of the pack. This run began from Hose Thorns. Hounds found at once there, and were away so quickly that most of the field did not realise they were in for a real gallop. In the ordinary way this would have been an advantage to the pack, obviating any chance of them being over-ridden or pressed before they had properly settled down. But there was never the remotest fear of hounds being interfered with by zealous thrusters this time. The pace from the first was much too good, and for half an hour the best mounted followers had their work cut out to keep the flying pack in view.

THE MARVELLOUS ACCELERATION OF THE CHRYSLER

Chryslers Mascot



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BRAKES. Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes, self-equalising, operated by foot; also external contracting brake on drum on transmission shaft, operated by hand.

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THE RUGGER WORLD

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY

By "PENDARVES"

ONE of the most difficult things imaginable during a Rugger season is to get away from the monotonous voice of authority. There is always someone in my vicinity who knows all about everything and everybody at present playing the game, and tells me all about it in no uncertain voice.

Most trying of all these potentates is The Disillusionist. I mean the man who by his forceful personality makes you wonder suddenly if you really know anything about the dam game at all. He speaks with some show of authority because he used to play for a rather more spectacular club than yours, and was once (only once) tried for his county. You emerge from the stand after a match and find yourselves on the stairs together. Now you have been very impressed by Fulton at the base of the scrum. To you he seems to have played a quite excellent game, feeding a fast and determined quartette of three-quarters with a skill reminiscent of Kershaw at his best. Before you have had time to mention this, the Disillusionist booms out for all on the stairs to hear, "Time they dropped that feller Fulton. Gosh! what a rotten performance he put up. Not that it would have made any great difference whether he had got the ball away or not; the threes couldn't have done anything with it if he had let 'em have it. No; the Philistines won't win matches with a back division like *that*—never . . . ."

Then there is The Theorist. He is skippering a side you particularly want to win that afternoon for several reasons, mostly financial. You express gloomy views at lunch about the prospects. He replies somewhat in this fashion:—

"Don't you believe it, old boy. We've got their measure all *right;* take it from me. Haven't I been on the touch line at their last two games? There's only one thing *we've* got to do; and that is to keep it tight and wheel. If we can do that—and we shall, I've told all our forwards, especially Chivers—we've got 'em cold. Their wing threes must be starved to death. Mark my words, neither of 'em 'll ever get the ball—I've seen to that: trust me."

And at the end of a loose open game; our forwards beaten all ends up, and a pair of dashing tries from each of their fast wings against no score whatever from our side, you say, "What about it?" or words not quite so conventional and polished. He says, "No good swearing at *us*, old man. What can you do against a partisan perisher of a referee like that? I wonder how much he made on this game to-day?"

Sport and General

"TOUCH" AND GO

A Harlequin back forces a Blackheath player into touch despite a vigorous "hand off" in the match at Twickenham. The game resulted in a somewhat surprising win for the visitors, Blackheath scoring ten points to the Quins' three.

As you have made a minus quantity this is poor comfort . . .

For an awe-inspiring object lesson in the other fellow's point of view, commend me to the Scotsman I talked with in a golf club smoking room one wet day last summer. This gentleman is, so to speak, an almost deafening Noise in the Scotch Rugby world. I, finding a fellow Rugger shop-talker in the height of the summer, launched forth at once into all the scandal and gossip of the season, expecting a sympathetic ear. He said less and less, and my vocal machinery began to run down ominously. What was wrong? Something.

And then he told me, in a very few, trenchant words. Everything was wrong with our Rugby "in England" (the tone implied some half-explored native state in the Pacific). We were all "playing to the gallery." Too much stress was laid upon gate receipts. There was a tinge of camouflaged professionalism creeping in. We didn't think about the side—we thought about ourselves, and about getting caps, and unimportant things of that sort. We were, in fact, upon the downward grade, he was afraid. A pity. Now in *his* day. . . .

But what is one to say to a dignitary who has ten Scotch caps chalked up in his record; and who, incidentally, could lift you up in one hand even to-day? The only thing to do in reply to this voice of authority is to murmur meekly, "Yes, I suppose you are right," and adroitly change the subject as soon as possible.

There is yet another type of authority you frequently find sitting alongside you at International matches. He has a voice of brass, which he uses, looking round at you challengingly after each frenzied outburst of gratuitous advice to all and sundry of England's fifteen best men. The dirge is chanted somewhat in this way, and is an outstanding lament amid the hubbub:

"Oh, don't do THAT, man! Go DOWN to it . . . that's *better* . . ."

"Now come along, England, wake UP! . . ."

"Use your FEET, for the love of *Mike.*"

[I have never met Mike personally. He must be a great authority on the game, too, so many spectators love him so.]

"Now go ON, you!" . . . etc., etc.

Of course if you want a real rough house—if you like that kind of thing, some men do—go over to Belfast when the Collegians are pitted against the North of Ireland in the Ulster Senior Cup. Select an out-size Belfast stevedore in the crowd and disagree with every word this authority says in an equally emphatic voice. There are several excellent nursing homes in Belfast.

IN THE LOUNGE

"WHAT time did they bring you breakfast?"

"I could eat honey and rolls for ever."

"What's doing?" ("Oh, everything!")

"Can't do everything the first morning."

"You can hire skis for a week. And luges. Everybody——"

"The hotel people will fix them on for you."

"I want to go somewhere where the whole world won't see me fall."

"On the Nursery slopes, nobody minds. Last year I saw a Cabinet Minister——"

"Shall we have the bob out?"

"Make way for the hero who once steered a bob."

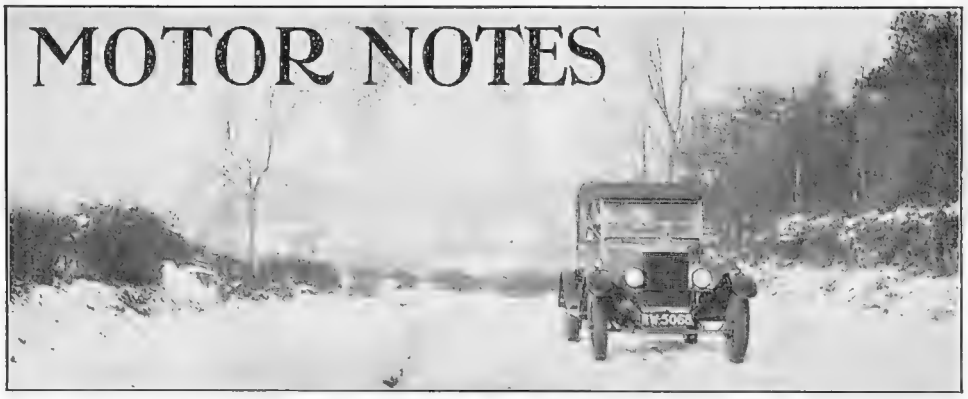
"Did you see that man on the curling rink with the funny hat? They say he comes every year."

"Do they do English or Continental skating here?"

[*And so forth . . .*

Good Night!
OVALTINE
Delicious
"OVALTINE"
brings perfect rest
P357

MOTOR NOTES



IN WARWICKSHIRE

A photograph of a Standard motor car taken near Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, during the recent snowfall. This sturdy British car is a "Knowle" four-seater, 11 h.p. model

THE most interesting news of the past fortnight is that the price of certain tyres has gone up while the cost of some cars has been reduced. Added to this is the fearful argument concerning the restriction or non-restriction of rubber and other essential commodities in respect of the cost of the finished article. These pages not being devoted to economics and their practice, I must leave it to Bystanders to decide why the increase in price of one commodity results in a reduction in another.

***

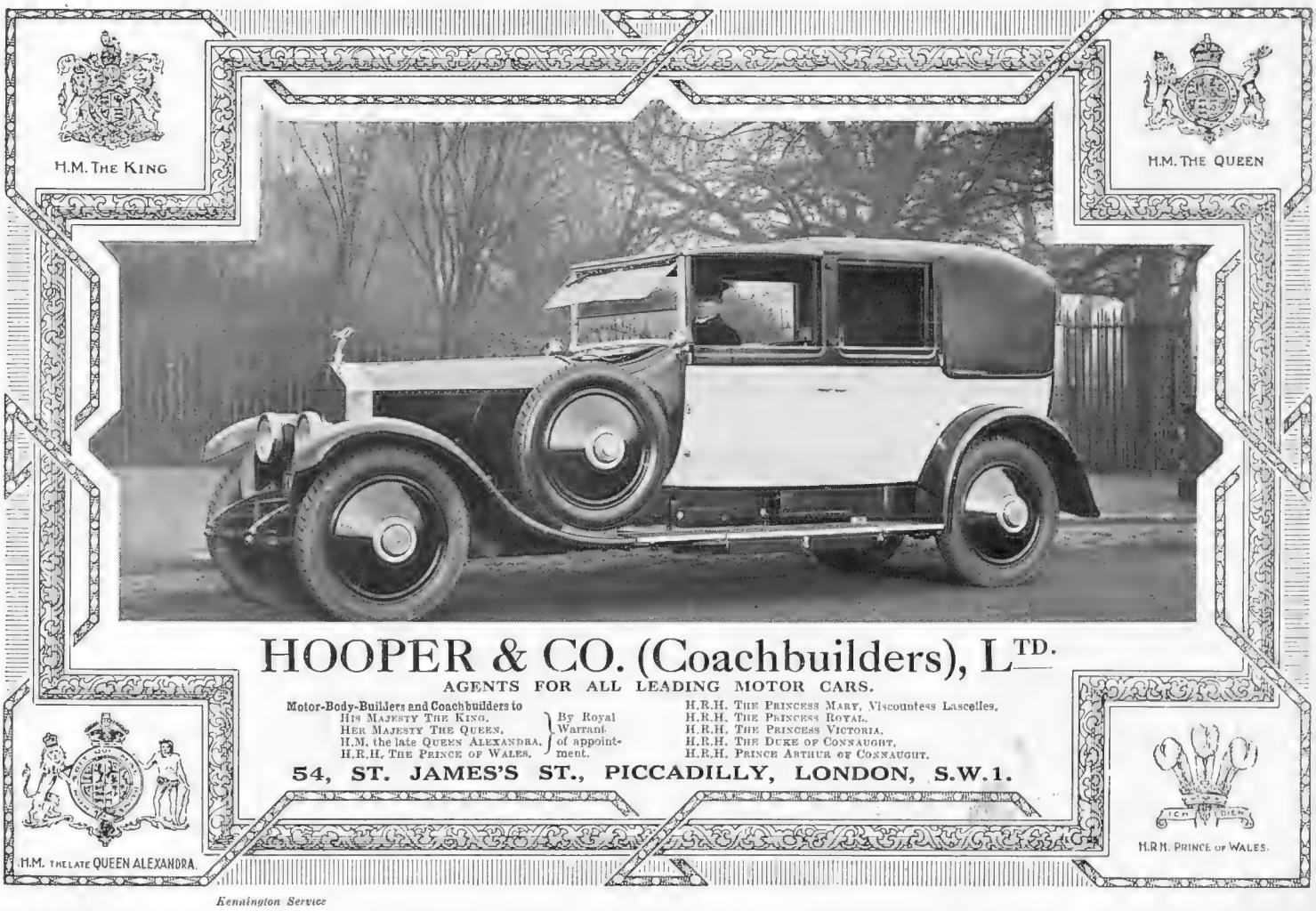
A FORTNIGHT ago I referred to my hair-raising and heart-rending experiences in the London-Exeter-London run at the end of last year. At the time I wrote those notes, the results had not been published, but the official results which have now reached me show that my prognostication was correct, to the effect that the speed attained by the majority of cars on the timed hill-climb—Salcombe Hill—was not good enough for the purposes of the competition. There were 134 car competitors and only 41 obtained gold medals, the highest award. Seventy-eight secured "silvers," which meant that either they were not fast enough on Salcombe or that they had failed in the re-starting test at White Sheet Hill. It may be argued either that the organising club had set the average speed too high and had therefore set a premium on sports cars, or that the modern car has not had its gear ratios sufficiently expertly selected to allow of the maximum speed being attained on reasonably steep hills.

A SHORT time ago I had an unexpected opportunity of trying a 21 h.p. Lanchester. I was suddenly called upon to transport a relative at a moment's notice to catch the Channel boat at Newhaven. My own car was temporarily out of commission, so I tore round to all my friends, and was finally successful in borrowing the Lanchester, all complete with one of those three-seater boat-shaped bodies, finished in brown and white, of which too few are about at the moment. I started my Lanchester motoring after dark, and, apart from certain trouble with the petrol feed, which was in no way the fault of the Lanchester, but rather the result of neglect, I had a perfectly wonderful journey. Perhaps it was as well that the dash-lamp had ceased to function, and I had therefore no opportunity of seeing the speedometer readings until the next day, but, judging from the apparent acuteness of the corners on a road which I knew well, the Lanchester must have been extraordinarily fast. Confirmation of this is afforded by the fact that our speed, according to distance and time, was remarkably high. In any case, we caught the boat by four minutes, an achievement which I should have made on few other cars.

***

MANY owners on taking delivery of their new car decide that they will keep a careful check upon its mileage, its consumption in petrol and oil, any incidents which occur, and any repairs which are necessary. As a result, many purchase large ledgers in which all vital facts and

(*Continued on page 160*)



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AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING MOTOR CARS.

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BY APPOINTMENT

"BLACK & WHITE"

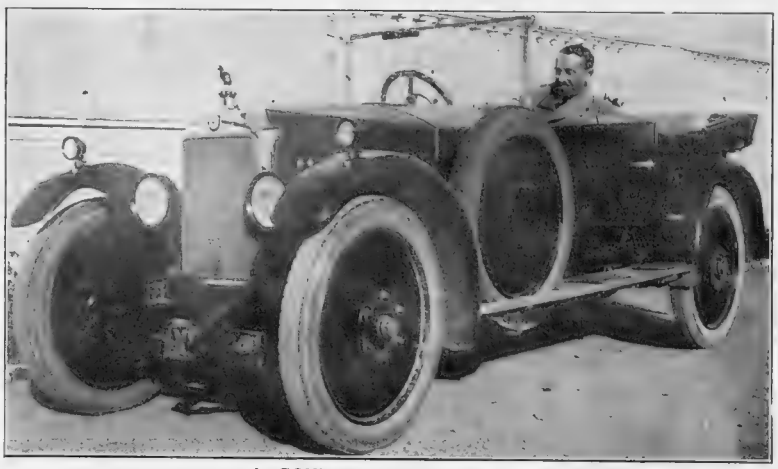
"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C.1

figures are entered up at the end of the day's run. Like the writing of diaries, this careful attention to detail wanes in popularity after the first few weeks, until in the latter part of the season many motorists would be hard put to it to give even the approximate mileage which is shown on their speedometers. I, therefore, welcome an attractive wall-card which has been issued by Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Ltd., which it is intended should be hung in the home garage. This simplifies the checking of running, as all that the owner has to do is to enter the exact speedometer reading on each Saturday of the year when the car is returned to the garage. He can subsequently, at his leisure, work out the mileage for each week, and thereby, trusting if necessary to memory, can enter up his log as regards petrol consumption, oil, tyres, and such important matters. It only takes a few seconds to glance at the speedometer before locking up the car at the end of the week, and only a few more seconds to scribble the figures on the wall-card, leaving the subsequent calculations till a suitable opportunity.

***

To one only superficially acquainted with the motor business it might appear that careful enquiry would have to be made into the commercial stability of any one firm in which one might be interested. The reason is that the motor trade keeps itself very much to itself, and, although all manner of rumours may be flying about, it is very difficult to obtain accurate information. Most of those in the know naturally have definite ideas as to the position of the industry. In this connection it is interesting to note that one of the oldest established firms in the British industry has recently been able to acquire a commercial vehicle business which has been established for twenty years. Even those who have nothing to do with commercial vehicles have heard of the Commer cars, and it will therefore be realised that the acquisition of the manufacturers of these cars by a subsidiary company of Humber, Ltd., of Coventry, demonstrates both the importance attached to these commercial vehicles and the financial stability of Humber's. As far as I can gather, the commercial manufacturers, although having an excellent product, were hampered by inadequate financial support. This is now provided by the manufacturers of one of the best owner-driver cars made, and this combination of trade and pleasure should augur a prosperous future for the new company of Commer Cars, Ltd.



A CONTINENTAL TRAVELLER

A photograph of a 14-40 h.p. Vauxhall car outside the ancient palace at Prague. Col. P. T. Etherton has recently completed a tour through nine European countries in this Vauxhall, without a single hitch occurring

***

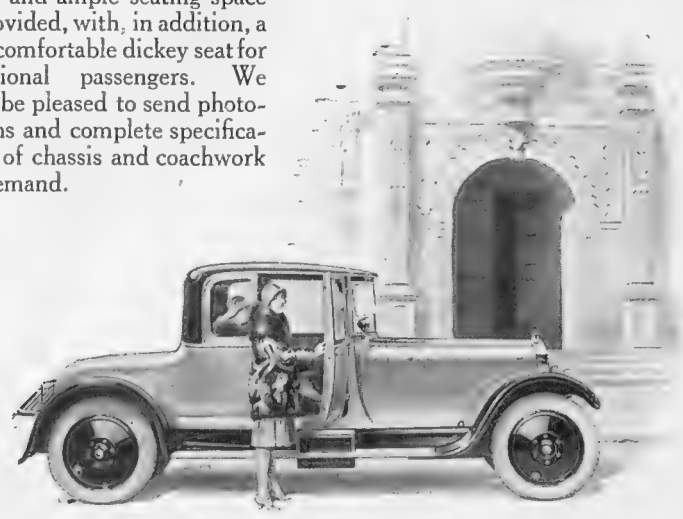
I had the privilege a short time ago of attending a staff dance of the Citroën Social and Athletic Club, where the floor was excellent, where the band, though amateur, could compete with many professional ones to which I have tried to dance, while the "staff" to which I was introduced, although I was assured that they occupied quite normal positions in the firm, impressed me with their appearance, their raiment, and their conversation. Needless to say, I am going again!

George C. Stead.

Lanchester Cars

A particularly attractive example of Lanchester productions is seen in the 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Coupé illustrated. It is a Car of simple dignity, exclusive in its refinements, and luxuriously comfortable. The lines of the body are expressive of good taste, and ample seating space is provided, with, in addition, a very comfortable dickey seat for occasional passengers. We shall be pleased to send photographs and complete specifications of chassis and coachwork on demand.

40 H.P. and 21 H.P.
6-cylinder Models
fitted with
Lanchester
Four-Wheel Brakes



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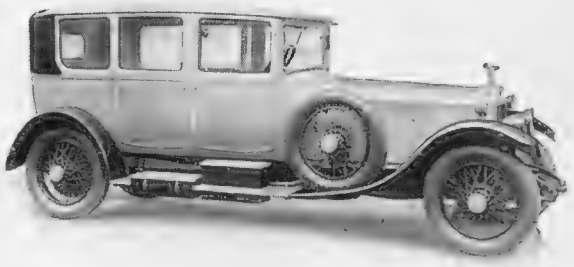
The Best Car in the World



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An expert opinion says: ". . . the New Phantom Model is absolutely irreproachable both in the mass and in detail. One felt borne upon an engineering miracle."

Write for Booklet giving particulars of the CAR MART service—it will interest every car buyer.

CAR MART will allow the highest possible price for your old car in part exchange.

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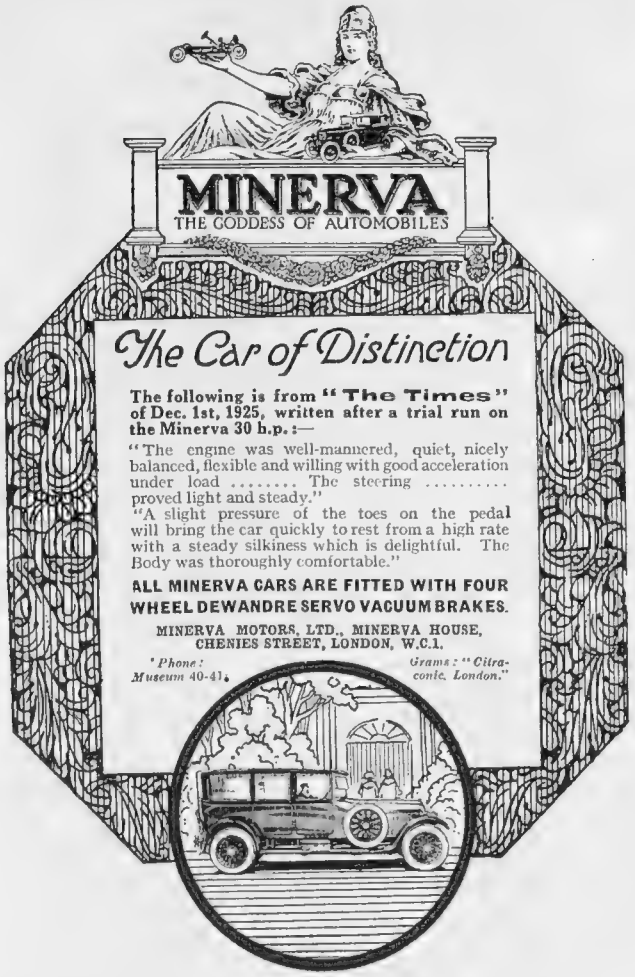

The Car of Distinction

The following is from "The Times" of Dec. 1st, 1925, written after a trial run on the Minerva 30 h.p.:—

"The engine was well-mannered, quiet, nicely balanced, flexible and willing with good acceleration under load ..... The steering ..... proved light and steady."

"A slight pressure of the toes on the pedal will bring the car quickly to rest from a high rate with a steady silkiness which is delightful. The Body was thoroughly comfortable."

ALL MINERVA CARS ARE FITTED WITH FOUR WHEEL DEWANDRE SERVO VACUUM BRAKES.

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Saloon	£550
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Also 19·6 and 20/70 h.p. Models and the New 18/50 h.p. "SIX"

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FEMINA

WINTER SPORTS AND BEAUTY

By A WOMAN CHEMIST

Do winter sports damage beauty? This question is uppermost in many minds just now. The answer is a decided "No." The healthy outdoor life is just what is needed to give all the beauty points a woman can desire, provided her toilet is a practical one. Useful as creams and lotions are, if they are too freely used the skin becomes like a hot-house plant, and then it cannot brave a chill atmosphere. Frost, snow, and cold winds are its deadliest foes; it quickly loses its smoothness and gets rough and blotched. Moderation must be the watchword where all toilet aids are concerned.

Powder and Puff

That indispensable powder! The target of a few (who always speak as if it only existed to beautify the nose), it is an invaluable ally to fortify the skin against a nip in the air. Just a touch of a really flesh-tinted one will be of untold value (yet need be hardly perceptible if the right shade); it is sufficient to protect the pores, and that is what is needed.

Powder should never be rubbed in, only just lightly dusted on; the lighter the touch the better. Those who use harsh puffs and apply their powder with a heavy hand are damaging their skins and making them coarse.

On no account should powder ever be applied directly after washing the face, especially when hot water has been used; if it is, it will make the skin very coarse. There are powders and powders; none except the very best should ever be used. The all-important point is "fineness," and that is only to be found in a really good-class one.

How little does the average woman who uses her toilet aids realise how science has been switched on to assist in the preparations she applies daily!

Creams and Sport

Creams can make or mar beauty. For winter sports a little vanishing cream well rubbed into the skin just before going out will be a boon; it's an excellent protection.

An afternoon 'mid snow and ice is not in itself harmful to the skin to any great extent; the damage is done on returning indoors.

When the cheeks glow with that healthy feeling is not the time to wash them, instead a little cream should be rubbed in. The same vanishing cream can be used as before going out, but the ideal thing is a skin food. There are times when this class of toilet preparation can be really useful (at others it is often an abuse instead of a use) and this is one of them.

The "food" really cleanses and freshens up the skin; it quite takes the place of water, without damaging it as the latter would. After rubbing the skin food in it should be left on for a few minutes and then wiped off: it is a mistake to use it too rapidly as so many do. Many toilet preparations would do far more good if used in the right way.

Sporting Hands

There's a remedy that keeps even winter sports hands soft; it's so simple that it has quite an old-world touch about it. Just glycerine, not diluted with its usual companion, rose water, but standing alone. Whenever the hands are washed it must be applied while they are still wet, and well rubbed in; then when the hands are dried there will be no sticky feeling and they will be soft and smooth.

Any favourite cream may be used in conjunction with the glycerine, say at bedtime, provided only a little is applied, so as not to make the skin sensitive.

To keep the hands fit it is essential that the wrists are kept very warm, otherwise redness will be the result.

Lip Sticks

Lip sticks and winter sports. Are they in keeping? Well, that depends on their colour. The sports woman may scorn red lips, but what about those colourless sticks? Just a touch before going out, and there will be no chapped lips.

Ah, there is often more behind a beauty aid than meets the eye. Instead of applying lip salve to cure the effect of frost upon the lips, let the colourless stick be their protector; surely it's the wisest plan.

Chilblains

Even the sports girl is not exempt. Massage is the best remedy for this winter enemy. If the chilblain is on the hand the entire arm from the shoulder must be well rubbed; to lubricate the fingers for the rubbing a little of any toilet cream can be used, or, if preferred, French chalk dusted on will make a good substitute without being greasy.

If a chilblain appears on the feet, the leg from the knee must be well rubbed.

If a chilblain remedy in the form of an ointment is used, it should only be applied just to the actual chilblain, otherwise it may make the sound part sensitive—a thing to be avoided.

When the skin is unbroken a simple spirit rubbed on will often do good, and plain turpentine—if unpleasant—is frequently an effective remedy.

To guard against chilblains, chaps and weather cuts, the hands should not be washed in very warm water; it should be just lukewarm only. The bath, too, should not be a very hot one in the morning; let that delight be the last thing at night only, then the skin gets plenty of time to fit itself again to brave the cold.

An oatmeal dusting powder is an excellent thing for the skin after the bath. That delightfully scented oatmeal that has established itself as pre-eminently the bath-room powder. It gives a finish to the skin, so important for arms and shoulders, that no ordinary drying can achieve. But oatmeal is a body powder not a face one.

The Complexion

The secret of a good complexion is plenty of fresh air and exercise; it asks no more, for with these two the blood is pure, and that is the foundation-stone on which it builds.

IN THE BALLROOM

"Do you think this band is as good as the one at the Palace?"

"Were you ski-ing this afternoon?"

"I forget even my bruises when I'm dancing with you."

"When they close the dancing hall the orchestra goes on playing in the bar."

"How absurd going to bed at two. I'm only just feeling lively."

"Have you noticed how the English and French girls dress? . . . The English wear their clothes to do the sports; the French do the sports to wear their clothes."

"The Germans . . . but they're born like that."

"There's a skating carnival . . ."

"There's a moonlight tailing-party . . ."

"There's a fancy dress ball and a sweep on the winner of the bob-race . . ."

"I won't . . . go . . . to . . . bed."

A New Winter Sports Attraction

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE NEW MAGNETIC SKI-DE-LUXE

Fitted with patent telescopic emergency brake, this invention is ideal for up-hill work

BY FRANK M. LEA

MONEY FOR "JAM"!

Aged 2 years

John was a very puny Baby

but Glaxo soon began to lay a firm foundation of sturdy health for him. At 2 years you see him smiling and happy, and again at 6 years—who could wish for a bonnier looking boy?

Naturally, his mother is grateful for Glaxo. She says: "My little son is now a picture of health and happiness. I feel that I owe Glaxo a big debt of gratitude, for he was a very puny specimen of a baby."

John is a characteristic example of the sturdy childhood which is the fulfilment of the promise of bonnie Glaxo babyhood—he is yet another living proof that Glaxo contains everything necessary for the development of firm limbs, strong bones and teeth, and a vigorous constitution.

The proof of the Food is the Babies it builds—that is why you will insist upon *your* Baby having

Glaxo

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

The only Food that has been used in Five Royal Nurseries

Guaranteed absolutely free from preservatives

GLAXO HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.1

John
A Bonnie Glaxo Boy
Aged 6 years

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BAD PLAY

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

WHILE a great deal of attention is directed to bad bidding at Bridge, we do not hear nearly so much about bad play.

In fact, it seems to be assumed by some writers on the game that if you can only get people to bid reasonably the play can be left to take care of itself. But in my experience bad play is quite as common as bad bidding. And it is just as easy to lose games and rubbers by the play of the cards as it is by the bidding. Some of the worst players are quite sound bidders, and *vice versa*.

. . . . . .

This was the distribution of the cards in a hand played at a London club :—

	Y	
S—K, J, 7, 3. H—K, 10, 2.		D—J, 3, 2. C—9, 8, 3.
S—A, Q, 9. H—J, 6, 5. D—Q, 10, 8, 4. C—K, 5, 2.	*A*	*B* S—6, 4. H—A, 9, 8, 7, 4, 3. D—9, 7, 6. C—6, 4.
	Z	
S—10, 8, 5, 2. H—Q.		D—A, K, 5. C—A, Q, J, 10, 7.

Score : Game all. B dealt and called "One Heart"; Z, "Two Clubs"; A, "Two Hearts"; Y, "No bid"; B, "Three Hearts"; Z, "Four Clubs." All passed.

This was the actual calling. It is open to criticism at many stages, but that is not the moral of the moment. The point is that Z made "five Clubs" entirely through the assistance of his adversaries.

A opened with the Jack of Hearts, on which Z played Dummy's 2. B, after some hesitation, played a small Heart, and Z won the trick with his singleton Queen.

He then led the 8 of Spades! A played the 9, and Dummy's Jack won the trick, B playing the 6. The 9 of Clubs was played from Dummy and finessed, A taking the trick with his King.

A now led the 4 of Diamonds. Z put up Dummy's Jack, which held, and led the King of Hearts. B's Ace went up, Z trumped in, led two rounds of Clubs, and then the 5 of Spades, A put up his Ace, and Z now made the rest of the tricks—five by cards.

. . . . . .

Now it is obvious that with proper play A and B must save the game, making at least one Heart, one Club, and one Spade.

B was, of course, wrong not to put up his Ace of Hearts on the first trick. His explanation that he did not do so because it would establish two Heart tricks in Dummy was bad, since it was obvious from the lead and calling that Z could have only one Heart, and B, therefore, lost his Ace.

The two good Heart tricks in Dummy would not have enabled Z to go game. He might discard two Spades or one Spade and a Diamond. But still he must lose three tricks.

A's play at trick 4 in leading the 4 of Diamonds was also bad. His best lead was Ace and another Spade, in which case B might have got a ruff, and the contract would have been defeated.

A, by proper deduction, could have read the cards, and in any case his Queen of Spades was "dead," and he should have led out the suit, when his partner's card (the 4 of Spades, having played the 6) would have told him the position.

. . . . . .

One of the most valuable qualities at Bridge is *flexibility* of mind. Indeed, no one can be a winning player who does not possess it. Flexibility is not a quality easy to define. It is not the same thing as inconsistency or erraticism. It means adapting oneself, and adapting oneself quickly, to new conditions. A partner who plays by the book is better than a partner who plays by the light of his so-called reason. But the ideal partner is one who realises the right moment to take a chance, and whose mind is not so "set" that he cannot realise there are exceptions to every rule.

REFRESHMENTS — *THE PROBLEM SOLVED BY*

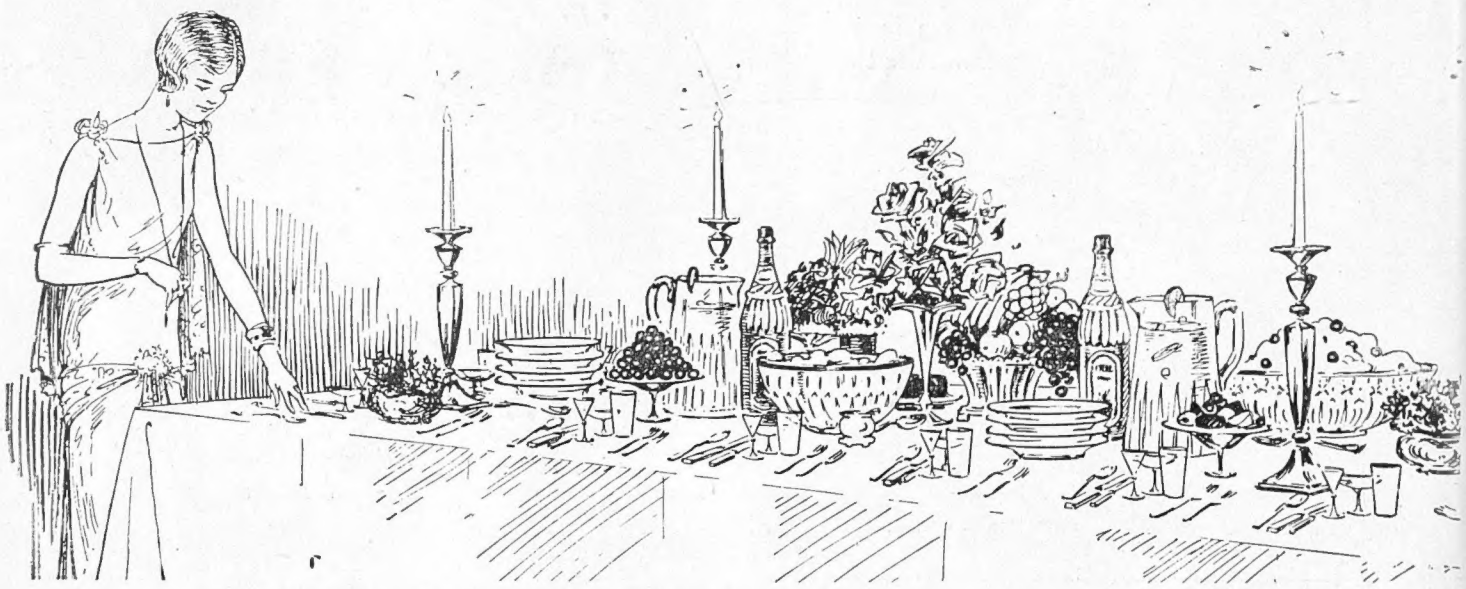
KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH OR ORANGE SQUASH

Everything ready, everything in order, simply because the purchase of a few bottles of 'Kia-Ora' happily solved the refreshment problem.

Your guests may or may not suspect you are serving 'Kia-Ora,' but they will know that the Lemon Squash and Orange Squash are most delightful—simply perfect; and their appreciation will be this—they know 'Kia-Ora' is the best. Everyone likes 'Kia-Ora' Orange Squash and 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash; some prefer it mixed with water, others prefer soda-water.

With the refreshment problem so happily solved, your ball, dance or card-party is sure to be a success, and you will know that Lemon Squash and Orange Squash can be served just as quickly as they are wanted, without any fuss or trouble, simply because all that is necessary to do is to mix the contents of a bottle with water in a jug or bowl.

For lunch or dinner 'Kia-Ora' Lemon or Orange Squash is equally appreciated, and the service is equally simple. Just pour sufficient into a glass, add water for a still drink, soda-water for a sparkling drink. The slightly acid tang freshens the palate, and the constituents of the Squash not only blend with the flavour of all food but aid its digestion.



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All sizes and in 50 shades.

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"How did your children get that perfect French accent?"

"HOW your children chatter away in French. I wish we could afford a French governess."

"A French governess! Why, in these days it's as much as we can afford to pay their school fees."

"Then how did they learn to speak French so fluently?"

"Oh, we put on the gramophone for half an hour every evening. We've the Linguaphone course of French records. The children hear French as spoken by Parisians. We can put on the same phrases again and again till they get the exact accent."

"But how can youngsters like that know what the gramophone is talking about?"

"With every course you get special pictorial text-books, and as the words are spoken by the gramophone the children not only follow the written text, but also the composite pictures, which include every object named by the record, and illustrate all the actions described. Thus they learn naturally, just as a child first learns to talk by associating things with their appropriate word sounds."

"Does the Linguaphone teach other languages as well? My husband was saying that Spanish would be so useful to him in his business, but he hadn't time to go to classes."

"He can learn Spanish or half a dozen other languages—sitting in his armchair at home."

"You don't need a special gramophone?"

"No, any gramophone will take the Linguaphone records, and it's the cheapest, pleasantest, and quickest way of learning languages. You not only learn to speak with a perfect accent, but also to read and write correctly."

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